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## The Eisenhower Doctrine

IN an effort to secure approval for his substantially reduced and amended arms programme, Mr. Eisenhower this week sent a long personal message to Congress. It is a document well worth study since it illustrates both the confusions and the underlying fallacy of American foreign policy. Ever since he reached the White House, the President has been trying to reconcile two pledges he gave during his election campaign. The first was to "get the boys back home" and to reduce the level of taxation; the second was to substitute for the negative aim of containing Communism the positive objective of liberation. How is the Administration to combine a crusade against Communism with a reduction in the number of American divisions overseas, a shorter period of military service, a reduced arms programme and cuts in foreign aid?

The answer so far given is summed up in the catchword "disengagement." Applied to the Far East, this means building up indigenous forces by increased injections of dollar aid, while treating the American army as a strategic reserve. In Korea, whether an armistice is achieved or not, Syngman Rhee's divisions, already more than two-thirds of the forces under General Clark, are to be increased and will take over more of the line from the Americans. In Formosa, Chiang Kai-shek in turn is to receive increased aid. As for Indo-China, forty per cent. of the cost of the war under the new programme will be borne by the U.S., and, in return for this assistance, the French will be pressed to devolve more power on the so-called Governments of Viet Nam, Laos and Cambodia. From Mr. Eisenhower's point of view, the Communist campaign in Laos could not be more convenient, since it provides him with a powerful lever for pushing his aid programme through a reluctant Congress.

Applied to Europe, the disengagement policy looks rather different. Here there are to be sharp cuts in direct dollar assistance, offset by American purchases of arms. The mood of Congress rules out those reductions of American tariffs which would assist us to substitute normal trade for aid. Instead, we shall be encouraged to inflate our arms industries and bridge our dollar gap by sales of tanks and aircraft. The result of this policy will be to give us a vested interest in the re-armament race and to make the British engineering industry as nervous as Wall Street of the idea that peace might break out.

But the key to disengagement in Europe is, of course, German re-armament. If Asians are in future to fight Asians, Germans are to replace Americans in Europe. The Federal Republic's twelve divisions, equipped gratis by the U.S., are to form the hard core of Europe's Army of Liberation. Once those divisions are mobilised and backed by U.S. sea and air power, the White House hopes to disengage some at least of the five American divisions now stationed in Europe.

Such, in outline at least, is the Eisenhower doctrine. If history were made by planners in the Pentagon, it might possibly work. But it is not. However many billions the U.S. invests in arming its Asian puppets, it will not succeed in liberating peoples who stubbornly continue to regard the Americans not as liberators but as supporters of counter-revolution. In Europe, the Eisenhower doctrine will have even more pernicious consequences. Once the Federal Republic is rearmed and integrated into a European union, it will within five years dominate France and its other neighbours. Then Dr. Adenauer's successors will use their new-won power in an attempt to liberate the Eastern Zone either by negotiation with the Russians or by force of arms.

These are gloomy prophesies. But who can gainsay them? Security cannot be bought by dollar assistance to allies who are either corrupt or unreliable or both. Military strength is a by-product of economic and social health. And if Mr. Eisenhower wants to know what is wrong with his aid programme, his attention should be called to the fact that, out of a total of $5,800 million, precisely $100 million, or one fifty-eighth, is devoted, in Mr. Stassen's words, to "work which advances the broad security and humanitarian objective of the mutual security programme."

### Anglo-Egyptian Conversations

Sir Winston Churchill must now begin to realise that General Neguib means exactly what his Chief of Staff, Colonel Abdel Nasser, says. The Junta is determined to make the Canal Zone an Egyptian base: only when this has been conceded, are they willing to consider accepting technical aid. The Premier, on the other hand, has instructed his negotiators to concede evacuation on paper but to ensure that control of the base remains firmly in British hands. However cordial the conversations which are now taking place in Cairo, there is no room for compromise on this issue. Either we permit the base to become Egyptian or we must hold it by force and run the risk of being branded aggressors in the United Nations when the treaty expires in 1956. Previously we could always hope to bribe or corrupt Egyptian politicians into signing agreements which saved their face but left us with the substance of power. Not so today.

In order to escape from this dilemma Mr. Dulles has worked out a characteristic American proposal and is seeking to persuade the Lebanon and Saudi Arabia to sponsor it. The Canal base, he suggests, should be taken over by a Pan-Arab High Command organised under an Arab League security pact, with the British giving a helping hand. Since the Arab League only exists on paper and an Arab High Command is a purely notional concept, neither General Neguib nor Sir Winston is likely to have much time for this plan, which incidentally would expose Israel to acute peril. The present deadlock, therefore, is likely to continue.

### Sword-chopping at Panmunjon

Up to the latest—more hopeful—move, the talks at Panmunjon had included much verbal fencing—with General Nam Il as "difficult" as General Harrison. In one direction, it looked at first as if progress might be made: the U.S. State Department was prompt in dispelling the impression which had been created at the "briefing" of Western correspondents, that no Asian country would "do" as supervisory neutral Power; and General Harrison subsequently asked the Communists whether they would agree to the nomination of Pakistan. To this, General Nam Il replied that he "welcomed" this change in the American attitude; but he was not prepared to accept the nomination of any neutral (and, indeed, it is not known whether Pakistan would agree to act) until agreement had been reached on the precise functions to be performed by the "custodian." He first renewed the original Communist proposal, that all prisoners who were unwilling to be repatriated at once to North Korea should be removed to the territory of the custodian State. This was flatly rejected by the Americans: many prisoners would prefer suicide to leaving South Korea. General Nam Il then wanted to know what steps would be taken, in the event of "neutral control in Korea," to remove the military control of the detaining side, and how the neutral supervisor would run the camps.

At this point, General Harrison threw a new spanner in the works by proposing that, on the conclusion of an armistice, all prisoners of Korean nationality should be simply released and allowed to settle where they would. As the essence of the Communist case is that prisoners are terrified by U.S. propaganda, and that there must be an interval for Communist counter-propaganda before they make their final choice about repatriation, there was never the slightest chance of this last suggestion of General Harrison's being acceptable. Equally, it was most unlikely that the Americans would agree to provide the very considerable transport fleet necessary for the removal of 50,000 men to Pakistan. If General Nam Il had stood pat on "physical removal," deadlock was inevitable. The fact, however, that he put various questions to elicit the nature of "neutral control" *in Korea* suggested that the Communists might be prepared to waive "physical removal" if camps in Korea were genuinely neutralised.

On Thursday morning the scene was transformed by a Chinese proposal that prisoners not repatriated should remain on Korean soil; that a Five-Power Supervising Commission, made up of India, Sweden, Switzerland, Poland and Czechoslovakia should be appointed; and that, after four months, any residue should be dealt with by a general political conference. Surprised, General Harrison referred these important proposals to Washington.

### The Rift in Africa

The two Commons votes this week on Central African federation—the first refusing to refer African petitions against federation to a Select Committee and the second giving a Second Reading to the Federation Bill itself—must be considered against a background of growing African resistance to what is increasingly thought of as virtually an extension of settlers' self-government. In an atmosphere of more and more successfully organised opposition, widespread refusal of administrative co-operation by Africans may be the next stage of the campaign. A recent call for "days of prayer" against federation, launched by the Northern Rhodesian African Congress, was widely heeded in the copper-belt; and the significance of this is that the copper-belt has hitherto shown little interest in African politics. Leaders of the Congress are now concentrating on appeals to mining and industrial workers to return to their villages as a protest. It is too early to estimate the success of these appeals, made to people who are, at least for the time being, town dwellers. Hitherto African opposition to federating with a racialist Southern Rhodesia has always been greater in the rural areas, whose people fear that federation will open the way for White land-grabbing on the pattern long familiar in Southern Rhodesia. Meanwhile, there are signs that District Commissioners are abandoning their attitude of official neutralism and beginning to advocate the settlers' case. The rift between White and non-White is widening.

### Caribbean Federation

The London Conference on federation for the West Indies surprised most observers by the success with which it achieved agreement. Much of the success was due to the part played by the Colonial Secretary, who eased the way to agreement by promising that the Federation would still be considered eligible for grants from Colonial Development funds; that it would receive for ten years a consolidated grant-in-aid equal to the grants made over the preceding three years to individual territories; and that Britain would contribute an initial gift of £500,000 towards setting up federal headquarters in Grenada. It seems reasonable to hope that the three most important islands—Jamaica, Trinidad and Barbados—will endorse in their legislatures the conclusions which their delegations reached in London. For over-crowded Barbados, the chief attraction of federation was always the hope that it would facilitate emigration, either to Trinidad or—better still—British Guiana. It was the fear lest British Guiana would never "come in" that accounted for Barbadian hesitations. Last week, however, the first elections held in British Guiana under the new Constitution resulted in a sweeping victory for the People's Progressive Party under Dr. Cheddi Jagan. This party, whose leader appears to be as least as Left-inclined as Dr. Nkrumah, is pledged not merely to "independence" for the Colony and a big programme of nationalisation, but also to federation within the Caribbean. This gives a more hopeful prospect that the Federation will be economically viable.

### New Set-up for Atomic Energy

The Government's decision to "transfer responsibility for atomic energy from the Ministry of Supply to a non-departmental organisation" marks the beginning of the last stage in a long-drawn-out dispute between top officials of the Ministry and certain of the atomic energy chiefs. At present the promotion and control of atomic energy are vested in the Minister of Supply by the Atomic Energy Act of 1946. The Minister controls the whole enterprise, just as certainly as the postal services are controlled by the Postmaster-General. In 1950 a group of leading executives in the atomic energy establishments began to press for independence from direct Ministerial control and reorganisation in some form of autonomous public corporation. After a top-level private inquiry, the Labour Government rejected this proposal; so, a year ago, did the present Cabinet. But the recent change of mind is not surprising, since Lord Cherwell, on whose advice the Prime Minister depends in scientific matters, was from the first an advocate of the new arrangement. Final comment must await the report of the Committee, under the chairmanship of Lord Waverley (also a partisan of the change), which has been given the task of working out "the most suitable form for the new organisation." But it is difficult to see what advantage—apart from an obvious opportunity for private empire-building—will accrue at this stage. If and when atomic energy becomes a primary source of fuel and power, some, if not all, of the industry may lend itself to organisation as a public corporation. But, for the present, "overall control must," as the Prime Minister said, "remain firmly in the hands of the Government," which has the responsibility not only of indicating the general direction of development, but of dictating most of the detailed requirements, of checking the quantities of material and industrial and scientific manpower absorbed in atomic energy and, not least, of securing the

necessary high priorities. None of this area of control can yet be given up; and those officials who genuinely believe that greater freedom of enterprise can be quickly achieved by a superficial structural change are likely to be very much disappointed at the number of restrictions which can, and will have to, be imposed on the freedom of an "autonomous" corporation.

### Unconditional Surrender at Austins

It was obvious to outside observers—and should perhaps have been more obvious to the leading officials of the National Union of Vehicle Builders—that the Austin strike was doomed to failure from the moment when the Transport and General decided to withhold support from its fellow workers. In the event the failure has been almost total. True, a Court of Inquiry is sitting; but the Austin management has already announced that it will not accept a finding in the Union's favour. Meanwhile, the strikers have to apply individually, and over a period, through the Labour Exchanges for re-engagement, and it is known that Austins "will not be able to find work" for all of them. Thus the Union will find it very difficult to protect its more militant members from victimisation, and the management will be able to squeeze out any real surplus of labour that may exist, without too fine a regard for redundancy rules. The whole of this lamentable business bodes ill for the future of labour relations, already bad, at Longbridge. If the Union behaved from the first with lack of tactical sense, the management's conduct has been both short-sighted and lacking in reasonable goodwill.

### The Engineers' Wage Claim

It can be taken for granted that the National Committee of the Amalgamated Engineering Union will endorse the proposal to apply for a substantial further wage-advance, that the Confederation of Shipbuilding and Engineering Trade Unions will follow suit, and that the Employers' Federation will reject the demand. What will then happen is uncertain. The employers will probably stall for as long as they can; and the unions will discuss whether to propose arbitration or to take a strike ballot. It is quite on the cards that the employers will reject arbitration even if the unions propose it; and, if that happens, the Minister of Labour will probably intervene. So he presumably will if the unions decide to issue strike notices instead of asking for arbitration. In the Confederation, the unions of less skilled workers will almost certainly press for arbitration, whereas some of the skilled workers' unions will probably favour issuing strike notices on the rejection of their demands.

All these manœuvres will take some time, even after the demand has been formally sent in; and accordingly there is no question of an immediate crisis. It is, however, clear that a new round of wage-applications has begun, with the distributive and agricultural workers, as well as the engineers and shipbuilders, already in the field. The Budget did not set off these claims; but it has certainly strengthened working-class feeling in their favour. If Mr. Butler can afford to cut income tax, they will argue, and to talk about increased supplies of consumers' goods, clearly the workers have a right to countervailing concessions, which they can ask for only in the form of higher wages. In effect, Mr. Butler has "asked for it," and trade union leaders would be swept away if they attempted to argue—as some of them feel—that the conditions are unfavourable and that higher money wages may not mean higher real incomes after all.

### The Vanishing Cab

*A Correspondent writes:* The decline of London's taxicab trade, of the business of plying-for-hire as distinct from a car-service available by telephone, reflects the growing efficiency of London's bus and tube system. That is the gaunt and inescapable fact confronting proprietors and drivers of the steadily diminishing number of cabs. Two of the popularly ascribed reasons—the heavy purchase tax on new cabs and the difficulties imposed on hire-purchasing them—were removed by Mr. Butler's Budget within a few days of their condemnation by the Runciman Committee. But since at least sixty per cent. of the taxis now in use are post-war vehicles, the Budget will produce no change whatever in the immediate situation and little in the near future. The number of cabs, that is to say, will continue to dwindle as public transport, having broadly fulfilled the general need, goes on to serve some of the more special ones.

Yet the need for the taxi in the metropolis will always exist; and the essential level of the service has been found in other metropolitan cities without putting gratuitous burdens on the cab-trade itself. In both New York and Paris, for example, more than 11,000 taxis operate successfully, as compared with the 5,437 now competing in the vastly greater London area for a waning demand. Prices, taxation, and operating costs in those two cities are far lower, the demand is constant, and the number of cabs is limited by law—an artificial aid to prosperity which the London cab trade has been long, and vainly, urging upon the Home Office.

But two main facts emerge from a comparison of London's cabs with those of other great cities. London is immeasurably better served by ordinary public transport; and London alone insists on a specially-designed taxicab which can have no other use than cab-hire—apart from the few cases in which eccentric citizens bought condemned cabs for private use when second-hand car prices were astronomical. This rigidly-prescribed police standard keeps the price (without purchase tax) at £847, and has given Londoners for fifty years the safest, ugliest, least comfortable, most manœuvrable, and most expensive cabs in the world. Even Brighton, with a seasonal traffic problem as bad as anything experienced in London, can accommodate over a hundred identical "Standard" saloons of the latest design and equipment. It would indeed be of decisive assistance to the trade if the Scotland Yard standards were relaxed sufficiently to permit the licensing in London of a mass-produced saloon type of private car, and particularly if the diesel engine were adopted. The change to diesel oil is in fact beginning. It is at present subject to the same duty as petrol; but it doubles the mileage per gallon.

"Disengaged mileage," in fact, is one of the major economic problems worrying the industry today, though the few operators using radio equipment have reduced "cruising" to a minimum and report an encouraging saving in petrol. About 430 London cabs are now fitted with wireless receiving apparatus, tuned to the ultra short-wave stations run by two electrical firms. This will go some way to compensate for the fact that the Commissioner of Police can find no more road space for cab-ranks, but it will be limited by the number of wavelengths which the Postmaster-General can allot for the purpose, and the reluctance of cab-owners to incur yet more capital expenditure.

## KENYA

### Forgotten Community

*A Correspondent in Nairobi writes:* Over a hundred thousand Indians have made their home in Kenya; many of them have been here for more than three generations. Yet the Indian in Kenya is apt to be left out of political calculations. Successive Colonial Secretaries who have visited this country have bothered little about the Indians; and the Royal Commission now at work in Kenya contains no Indian member—a fact bitterly resented by the Indian community.

Never has the Kenya Indian felt more neglected, or more misrepresented, than during the present Emergency. The local European press in Kenya has engaged in a deplorable campaign of vilification. Not only are the Indians attacked as the sponsors of Mau Mau, and as the real "brain" behind the current terrorism, but even Pandit Nehru has been dragged into the mire. He has, of course, for long been painted in the settler press as a scheming imperialist with an avaricious eye cocked at Kenya. But the present campaign has gone much further, and some settlers have not hesitated to declare that the Indian Government is the main gun-runner for Mau Mau.

The truth about Kenya Indians is that they are not, and cannot possibly be, behind Mau Mau. Not only is the spirit of non-violence ingrained in them by tradition and habit, but it is to their own interest that progress in Kenya should be orderly and peaceful. They stand much to lose by terrorism; and the breakdown of authority would for them spell untold economic loss and human suffering. If terrorism were to spread widely in the country, the Indian would be the person least able to defend himself or to protect his property. Thus, towards the Government, the Indian attitude is bound to be one of co-operation and active support in the anti-Mau Mau campaign. But to the Indian community it appears that, for some reason, the Government has made up its mind not to recruit Indian manpower or Indian resources in fighting "terrorism," whereas the settlers get whatever opportunities they demand.

The Indians particularly resent the disproportionate part allotted to Europeans in the Emergency because they are convinced that it is the European who is largely responsible for the present situation in the Colony. Not only has he insisted on a racial pattern in all spheres, but, in enforcing that inequitable policy, he has acted with arrogance and intolerance towards the other races. All these points were forcefully made by Indian politicians at a recent public meeting in Nairobi. A. B. Patel, leader of the Indian Elected Members, warned the settlers of the need for a new racial attitude. As a first step, he advocated an immediate all-race conference at which the Europeans should make a declaration of reformed intentions. "There are very good historic reasons for distrusting Europeans," he remarked; and said they had to give a practical demonstration of their good faith by accepting, in the first place, equal racial representation on the Legislative Council. He was correctly reflecting the views generally held by the Indian community in Kenya; and the Government would be ill advised to ignore the force of this opinion.

# France's Colonial War

THE French decision to fight the movement for independence among the peoples of Viet Nam, Cambodia and Laos, instead of coming to terms with it, was from the beginning both morally wrong and politically suicidal. The war in Indo-China has already cost France more than three and a half billion dollars, the lives of thirty thousand French soldiers, and the cost to her officer cadres of more than half the entire output from St. Cyr. Without America, France is impotent; and, as a country, she faces catastrophe because the war in Indo-China has drained her of men and money. Alone, she could not have fought the war. Already, America is paying nearly half the cost of the war, and M. Mayer was assured by Washington at the end of March, and reassured when Mr. Dulles visited Paris two weeks ago, that military shipments to Indo-China had a priority second only to those of the United Nations forces in Korea. When Viet-Minh troops had already covered one-third of the territory of Laos, American experts advised the French to dispatch two more divisions to Indo-China, one of them (airborne) from Europe, and one from North Africa. Politically, the only gesture France has made was irrelevant; no one was deceived, least of all the peoples of Indo-China, by the promotion of French Commissioners in Laos and Viet Nam to High Commissioners and the addition of a fourth Frenchman to be Commissioner General in Saigon.

To the peoples of Indo-China, as well as to the rest of Asia, this is a colonial war; the issue at stake is whether the French will withdraw or be thrown out by the rising of a colonial people. Neither Moscow nor Peking was needed to initiate this idea; its roots lie deep in French policy, in its failure to recognise that the era of colonialism is over in Asia. In the villages of Laos—and the same will be true of Cambodia—there are well-organised groups of men and women belonging to the Nationalist Movement, who welcome the Viet-Minh troops as comrades in the struggle against French colonialism. The indisputable fact is that the French have never succeeded in winning back their control of anything but the towns in these countries, and even there, Frenchmen were threatened by guerilla bands if they as much as showed themselves outside any but a small perimeter. Between the towns, most officials and distinguished visitors travelled by air, whilst others went under the protection of an elaborate convoy of armed vehicles. In the middle of March, Harold Callender, the *New York Times* correspondent in Paris, wrote of "the enigma that has faced France for five years in Indo-China, where it was morally impossible to withdraw, physically impossible to win, and financially impossible to go on indefinitely fighting at growing cost to maintain a stalemate." It was this situation which the American aid, offered at the last meeting of N.A.T.O., was designed to deal with. The French operation "Adolph," launched in Tonkin at the beginning of April, was the last of several campaigns this year. But the Viet-Minh forestalled American and French plans by starting its own offensive in Laos.

Politically, Viet Nam, Laos and Cambodia were given the status of "independent sovereign States" within the French Union by agreements signed in 1949. Just how much independence is involved was well illustrated by the King of Cambodia's recent suggestion in America that thinking people increasingly believed that Viet-Minh troops were fighting for the freedom of Cambodia, and by a statement issued in Paris in the name of the Cambodian Prime Minister that if France failed to grant his country greater independence, his people might revolt against the French authorities if and when Viet-Minh troops arrived in their villages. He asked for the complete independence which Britain granted to India and Pakistan.

The fact must be faced that while members of many Governments (even including, unhappily, some within the British Labour Government) were deceived by this bluff of "independence," the Nationalist Movements in Laos and Cambodia have found increasing support for the "Resistance Governments" within Indo-China itself. By the end of 1950, the Resistance Movements of Laos, Cambodia and Viet Nam were co-ordinated; Indo-China, they stated, "has obviously become a single battle-front." Recently, "the American imperialists took steps to intervene more directly in the internal affairs of Laos and Cambodia, just as they are intervening in the Viet Nam war. They are planning to turn the whole of Indo-China into an imperialist base in South-East Asia." A National Assembly of the Pathet Lao (Laotian nation) appointed Prince Souphanouwong as Prime Minister and Minister of Foreign Affairs; he is a young, trained engineer who has acted as Commander of the Laotian Liberation Army since 1945. His Eight-Point programme, published when Viet-Minh troops moved towards Luang Prabang, the capital of Laos, was almost identical with that of the Chinese Communists in their Yenan days. And for the good reason that the three million peasants of Laos, now awakened to revolutionary struggle, are beginning to realise that, under French rule, 95 per cent. of them remained illiterate, their country was undeveloped, their ruling class were French puppets, and, like the Kuomintang, often corrupt and inefficient.

This is the crux of the problem. That the victorious Viet-Minh Army is led by Communists, and that the leadership of the Nationalist Movements is largely in Communist hands, there is no doubt. But in the areas under President Ho Chi Minh's control—and this means that at least 11 of the 23 millions of Indo-China now owe their allegiance to him—peoples who were kept backward under French rule are now encouraged to build up their country's economy and to raise their living standards, while illiterate men and women have the chance of education for themselves and their children. What have the French to offer in reply to this challenge?

The French Government, which has sacrificed any power of initiative for American dollars, is divided on the crucial issue of what is called "internationalising" the war. Americans are now considering large-scale military assistance in a situation where climate, geography and the local population are all likely to render it ineffective. On the Viet-Minh side, military supplies have increased from China; they are given in exchange for salt and rice. There is no evidence that Chinese troops have taken part, though composite cadres have probably had their training in China. The line of political warfare emanating chiefly from Singapore, is to terrify the world by a threat of a Viet-Minh Chinese puppet Thai State. No evidence, as far as we can discover, yet exists of any plan to set up any such autonomous State created from the 200,000 Thais who live in Yunnan, together with the Thais of Laos, the Shan States of Burma and Thailand itself. It is true, of course, that Communists invariably make use of frustrated nationalism, and that it has been their policy (as in the Central Asian States of the Soviet Union) to encourage the development of minority peoples. Thus, in China, there are already more than a hundred autonomous governments at county, regional and village administrative levels among the minority peoples, of whom the 200,000 Thais are but one. For months past, they have put forward a programme to build independent schools, to simplify their language, to encourage them to grow better rice, bigger mangoes and bananas and bumper crops of tea. That such objectives would appeal to Thais—or to any peasants in any part of Asia—goes without saying. But it is surely misleading to represent this as a threat of Thai expansionism. Indeed, the only "Greater Thai" movement of which we know was sponsored by the present Premier of Thailand at the end of the war as part of a campaign to retain two provinces of Laos, handed over by the Vichy Government in Indo-China at Japan's request and then returned to France.

Equally tendentious is the propaganda campaign that Thailand is in danger from Viet-Minh troops when they reach her frontier. Thailand is an American satellite, its Government, weak, corrupt, and subservient to Washington. The 60,000 Vietnamese refugees, in the country since the end of the war, were forcibly moved away from the frontiers of Cambodia two years ago, when American-built strategic roads were started, and they live in conditions of poverty, eking out a poor living from handicrafts and agriculture. They are undoubtedly friendly to the Viet-Minh, but it is only political warfare which makes them an excuse to internationalise the war.

The immediate danger is that, under the cover of "the war against Communism," the Western World may be asked to take part in a war, as futile as it is unjust, to try to save this outpost of French colonialism. The only alternative is for France to cut her losses and to make the best terms she can with the popular movement in Indo-China. Will the French realise this while there is still time? Do the Americans understand that, sooner or later, they will be forced to recognise that the Asian peoples cannot be mobilised to fight Asians, that the newly independent countries of Asia will not support a colonial war, under whatever banners it might be fought? To attempt to elevate the Laotian campaign into a "war of aggression" would inevitably divide the United Nations into the Americans and their satellites, on one side, and, on the other, all the Asian and "colonial" peoples, whose champion the United States not so long ago claimed to be.

# Marxism Revisited

## II. The Symbol of the Aircraft

We have arrived at two conclusions. Marx has turned out to have been quite wrong when he said that the mass of the population in capitalist societies could not improve their standard of life, but must, on the contrary, fall into greater and greater misery. Yet many of the conclusions that he and his successors have drawn from this and other basic features of his "great diagram" of capitalism have come only too palpably true!

What is the explanation? Were Marx's predictions somehow right for the wrong reasons? Some of the few qualified economists who have studied him with genuine objectivity have almost taken this position. Schumpeter, in his section on "Marxian Doctrine" in that remarkable book, *Capitalism, Socialism and Democracy* (Allen and Unwin, 1943), for example, inclines to this view. He writes finely of "the structure of *Capital* which, partly unfinished, partly battered by successful attack, still stretches its mighty skyline before us," and concludes that, in spite of every error, Marx had a vision which enabled him to foresee the general historical tendency of capitalism, although he enormously underestimated the impetus and stretch of its development.

It is true that the insight of genius may see the future as in a vision without being able to support its predictions with adequate reasoning. But in this case a re-examination of the great diagram will afford a more rational explanation. First, then, what *has* happened to the standard of life of the mass of the population in major capitalist countries in the hundred years since Marx began writing *Capital*? I repeat that the economists reckon that the real output of the British people per head has more than doubled since 1870. But that in itself would not necessarily contradict Marx's prediction. In theory at least the whole of that over two-fold increase might have gone to the, say, 10 per cent of the population which is to a significant extent owners of property in the means of production, and none to the 90 per cent of the population which the owners employ. The distribution of income might conceivably have worsened to that extent. But of course we know that it has not. Indeed, most people are today convinced that the exact contrary of what Marx predicted has happened. They believe that the distribution of the national income has grown far better, instead of far worse.

What then are the facts? Contrary to most people's impression, the share of wages in the national income *did* for many decades fall, though not to the extent, or anything like it, necessary to fulfil Marx's prediction of increasing misery, or even to prevent a rise in the absolute level of real wages: nevertheless, the share of wages fell. For example, the wage earners' share in the national income was 50 per cent in 1860 and 45 per cent in 1901. (Layton and Crowther, *An Introduction to the Study of Prices.*) In 1911 it was 39 per cent, in 1924 42.1 per cent, in 1935 40.5 per cent (Dr. Colin Clark). In the last 15 years it may have risen again, but not, probably, by more than enough to bring it back to the 1860 level.

But this leaves out the growth of salaries and the great redistribution by tax which we in Britain have effected. In a word, it may measure the success of trade union pressure in raising real wages, but it does not measure the success of democratic political pressure, by way of establishing the Welfare State. To do this we must find some way of measuring the degree of equality or inequality in the pattern of the distribution of income of all kinds, as between individuals. Having consulted the experts and done my best to examine the evidence, my own conclusion is that it is not really possible to doubt the commonsense view that the distribution of national income has become more equal in a significant sense. But by how much? Contrary to what the nominal rates of redistributory taxation would indicate, but conformally, after all, to what we can all see for ourselves in the considerable continuing degree of visible luxury expenditure, my guess is that real equalisation has been more limited than is often supposed.

We need not, however, for the purposes of these notes, attempt the very difficult task of measuring the growth of "equalisation" in the distribution of individual incomes. For it is sufficient for our purpose that it, clearly, has not got worse. Let us assume, then, for the purposes of our argument, that the mass of the population has held a constant share in the ever-rising total of the *per capita* national income.

Here, however, we catch sight of something significant. Would not most people suppose that, far from having merely improved somewhat, the distribution of the national income has got *incomparably* more equal? Think of the amount of conscious, overt action which has been taken over the past century to redistribute the national income more equitably. Think of all the "shorter hours" Acts, the minimum wages Acts, the establishment of the Trade Boards; think of the social services and of the redistributory taxation which has been imposed to pay for them; think of income tax rising from a penny to 9s. in the pound; think of sur-tax, profits tax; think of death duties at 80 per cent. on the great fortunes; think of the whole vast legislative apparatus of redistribution which has been established in the last century! And then add to that the whole vast growth and mighty pressure of trade unionism—from the almost impotent little societies of craftsmen of 1850 to the solid phalanx of nine million men and women, bargaining in conditions of full employment, which confronts the British capitalists of today. *And yet all this seems to have improved the distribution of the national income to a much more limited extent than would naturally have been expected.*

Surely this is very remarkable? The fact that distribution has done at least better than remain constant, while the total to be distributed has over-doubled, so that the mass of the population has enjoyed a more than two-fold increase, refutes, indeed, Marx's prediction of what would happen. But recollect, I repeat, *how* this has been done! It has been done, not by leaving capitalism alone to work out its own laws of development, but by the most massive, the most persistent, the almost revolutionary *interference* with those laws, by way of forcibly and politically redistributing the national income. It has been done, as its outraged apologists have always pointed out, by the most flagrant "meddling" with the way the system naturally works. When we find that all this has done not so very much more than to enable the workers to hold their own relatively to the owning class (and so improve their position more than two-fold absolutely), we receive an unmistakable indication of the real nature of the system. We perceive that capitalism, if it had been, or ever should be, left to itself, would have borne a real resemblance to the picture which Marx drew of it. In that case Marx's lower curve on the chart, the curve measuring the level of wages and working-class standards, might well have been a straight line—if it had not actually bent downwards towards "increasing misery." And if so, does this not indicate that after all there is something in Marx's diagnosis of a formidable *tendency* in capitalism to reserve the whole of the fruits of the rise in productivity to the owners of the means of production, while leaving the wage earners with a constant minimum *amount*, and so an ever diminishing *share*, of the ever-growing cake?

It appears to me to offer us very strong evidence indeed that Marx was not mistaken in his specifically *economic* diagnosis. It *has* turned out, for example, that the rise in the productivity of labour dispensed with workers per unit of capital employed at least as fast as the growth of the total amount of capital called for an increased labour force. For, if not, why has mass unemployment become the recurrent sickness of the system? It *has* turned out to be true that in such conditions of the periodic redundancy of labour, wages always tend to sink again to the practicable minimum, *unless the workings of the laws of economics are drastically interfered with.* If not, why has it taken all the immense efforts of trade unionism and redistributory taxation to do not so very much more than maintain the share of the national product taken by wages and other working-class incomes? *It has* proved true that the proportion of the population with any significant ownership in the means of production has dwindled. "One capitalist" has "laid a number of his fellow capitalists low." There *has* been a strong tendency towards the centralisation of capital in fewer and fewer hands. The small man, the small master, has yielded up sphere after sphere of production. Nor has the semi-collectivist device of Joint Stock Companies with limited liability availed to prevent "centralisation." The *Financial Times* discovered, to its embarrassment, the other day that there are only 1¼ million persons who hold any ordinary shares at all in the public companies of this country—say, with their dependents, 5 per cent. of the population. Nor have swingeing death duties on the great fortunes been able to do more than slow up this tendency to the concentration and centralisation of capital.

No, Marx's error was not in his strictly economic analysis. Marx's error lay in a profound underestimate of the economic consequences which trade union and political pressure, *in a democracy*, could have in modifying the basic economic tendencies of the system, which he had, on the whole, so well apprehended. His was essentially a *political* error, and it is still being committed every day by contemporary Communists. The error was based upon a mechanistic lack of belief in the possibilities of political and industrial action, in a democracy, and undertaken by a Labour movement of ever-growing power and solidarity; the error was rooted in a lack of belief in the possibility of such action twisting, by its sheer weight, the natural or "proper" shape of capitalism—of "distorting it," as its apologists have never ceased to complain—by pushing up the curve of working-class income till it has run at the very least parallel with the curve of rising productivity.

Does this error—an error in practical political judgment—render Marx's "great diagram" useless? By no means. What he predicted has not come to pass. How could it, when one of his basic predicates, the inability of the mass of the population to obtain their share in the ever-growing national product, has proved wholly mistaken? But that does not mean that his diagnosis of the innate *tendencies* of capitalist development was false. You might as well say that the fact that an aircraft can fly disproves the

law of gravity; just as a fool might point to a Comet airliner as she rises from London Airport to sneer at Newton, so the apologists of capitalism might, and do, point to the rising standard of life of the masses to dispose of Marx. But the aircraft flies, not because there is no gravity, but because men have found a way to more than counteract gravity's force. This is not, after all, an academic point either in the case of a social system or an aircraft. One can find that out for oneself. On one occasion, for example, I was at the controls of an aircraft flying over the Susquehanna River in Northern America. Both engines stopped, and I was immediately able to verify the fact that the force of gravity was still in existence!

It is the same with present-day capitalism. Switch off the heavy counter-pressure—the precisely counter-capitalist pressure—which at least sustains the share of the wage earners in the national product, and so steadily augments their absolute standard of life, and the innate tendencies of capitalism will immediately reassert themselves And on the general evidence of the last hundred years these tendencies—unless counterbalanced—are pretty much as Marx described them. In the absence, above all, of an all-pervasive democratic political climate of opinion, the wages, and incomes generally, of the mass of the population will tend towards the practicable minimum, and the whole of the annual increase in the national product will tend to flow into the hands of an ever-narrowing circle of owners. And then the sequence of glut, slump, crisis, imperialism, war, colonial revolt and revolution will follow. Marx's diagnosis of this formidable tendency is, then, still of the highest practical importance.

And for several reasons. The counter-capitalist democratic pressure, which by a major historical irony alone prevents the crash of capitalism in war and ruin, can only be maintained by perpetual and unremitting effort. Again, will the present degree of such counter-capitalist pressure, even if it is maintained, suffice to keep the innately self-destructive tendencies of the system at bay? True, Marx failed to foresee the extraordinary degree of success which might be attained by such counter-capitalist pressures. But equally he did not foresee the extraordinary degree to which such pressures would become indispensable if disaster was not to supervene. The speed with which the productivity of labour, and so the net national product, is rising—above all, in America—calls for a degree of sustained success in pushing up the incomes of the non-owning mass of the population, which it may or may not be possible to achieve.

Moreover, the significant degree to which the consequential parts of Marx's (and Lenin's) predictions have been fulfilled suggests strongly that in the last two or three decades the counter-pressures have sometimes not in fact been sufficient. Marx's great diagram needs serious amendment in a vital particular. But it is very far from having failed to exhibit any prediction value. In truth, Marx is the last man to blame for the imperfections which it is possible—it should be easy—for us to see, by hindsight, in his system. The marvel is that he foresaw so much. No, the blame should rest upon us: it should rest alike upon those who have followed him, and upon those who have rejected him. For they have followed him blindly and rejected him blindly. Surely it is now time to attempt the sober task of comparing his predictions with the hundred years' experience at our disposal? For only by so doing can we in fact use his insights as that "guide to action" which he intended them to be.

JOHN STRACHEY

# London Diary

IN 1953 Emrys Hughes, the Scottish pacifist, seems to be the only M.P. now old-fashioned enough to attack monarchical institutions on the ground of their expense. This was common form in Queen Victoria's reign. In the early Seventies, debates in the Commons and outside turned on the question: What does the Queen do with her money? One pamphlet pointed out that, since Prince Albert's death, she did not even perform the ceremonial duties which were the nominal *quid pro quo* for immense wealth. *The Crown and the Cash*, as Emrys Hughes calls his pamphlet, is much more polite, but it, too, gives the figures of royal grants, and trounces the Government for rejecting the very mild economies suggested by Labour at a time when the Chancellor was making petty cuts in such public institutions as the British Museum and pleading poverty as an excuse for white-washing the outside of the Guards' barracks while denying them a decent minimum of comfort inside. I think that Emrys Hughes makes his point that we could have all the pageantry we want—and the public does want pageantry—without spending upwards of two millions on the Coronation, and I believe he is right that much of the admittedly decorative mumbo-jumbo inherited from feudalism could be discarded with popular approval. Queen Juliana of Holland was intelligent in reducing her expenses and becoming more modestly accessible to ordinary people. It is surely true that we do make our young Queen the slave of ancient custom and routine; that we deny her and the Duke the necessary minimum of privacy, and burden them with an impossible routine. How many people really imagined what was involved when they heard the announcement the other day that in Australia the Queen and the Duke would fly 10,000 miles to visit fifty towns and be received, no doubt, by fifty local mayors? I agree with Emrys Hughes that when this Coronation is over "the Queen will have enormous sympathy, and a big public behind her, if she sets about reducing the national bill for royalty and adapting it to the times." I still think the Scandinavians had the right idea in applauding "the King on the bicycle."

* * *

In the last few days several influential voices have been raised to urge that the situation in Korea is now too serious to be left to the Generals—especially to General Harrison. This is what this journal said on its front page last week; we were, of course, abused for being beastly to the Americans. How strange that English liberals still cannot realise that nothing is heard in New York or Washington unless the language is strong and even rude! The most interesting convert to our view is the *Manchester Guardian* which on May 7 carried a most remarkable article from M. Robert Guillain. He sent from Panmunjon a devastating account of the futile procedure by the American and Chinese spokesmen who meet every day with typewritten insults. Neither has any authority to negotiate in private; both leave to the Conference room to report to eager journalists the latest example of the other's intransigence; both are "paralysed by mutual distrust, and by fear of 'loss of face' which makes the Americans perhaps no less Chinese than the Chinese themselves." The time, he suggests, is over-ripe for a return to diplomacy.

* * *

I will hazard a guess that before the summer is out land nationalisation will become as controversial an issue in the Labour Party as Defence costs were a year ago. Already, Mr. Bevan has gone on public record in favour of nationalising rented land and Sir Hartley Shawcross has spared time from his forensic activities to dismiss Mr. Bevan's ideas as "wholly impracticable." But it would be a mistake to conclude that this is merely another fight between the Bevanites and the Old Guard. Land nationalisation has long been a plank in the platform of the Agricultural Union, and, as Mr. George Dallas's letter in the *Manchester Guardian* on Monday reminds us, it was included, on the advice of Lord Addison, in the 1945 programme "Let Us Face the Future"; it had already at that time won the support of such non-political experts as Dr. C. S. Orwin and Mr. Seebohm Rowntree. No one could describe Mr. Dallas as a Bevanite! If the National Executive Committee has really turned the proposal down, that will not be the end of the matter. The Executive's policy statement will be submitted to the annual conference at Margate next October and I shall be surprised if one or two of the big unions—including the N.U.R., U.S.D.A.W. and possibly the miners—do not join in the attempt to pile up the two-thirds majority necessary to reverse the Executive's decision.

* * *

Judge Youngdahl has very properly dismissed four of the counts in Owen Lattimore's indictment for perjury. When the charge was made, this journal suggested that it was possibly unconstitutional and certainly most dangerously vague. I am glad to learn from Judge Youngdahl that this view was justified. He declares that the four counts violate the Constitution and are "nebulous, indefinite . . . defective in plain inconsistency." He has, moreover, told the Department of Justice that unless it can state a Bill of Particulars on the remaining three counts, and "define the word 'Communism' for the benefit of the defence," the whole indictment is liable to be quashed. The most disturbing thing about this victory for legality and common sense is that Judge Youngdahl is already being denounced by irate Senators. Has the separation of powers also gone with the wind? O God, O Montesquieu!

* * *

With the help of Mr. Cohn, Senator McCarthy discovered that Wechsler, the pugnacious editor of the *New York Post*, was a member of the Young Communist League from 1934 to 1937, and, being now one of the most prominent anti-Communist liberals, had written a book which was on the shelf of some official American library overseas. This gave him an excuse to summon Wechsler, though the book was never mentioned during the examination, and though no notice was taken of the fact that the book bitterly attacked the Communist faction in U.S. trade unions. This simple fact was unlikely to impress McCarthy, whose purpose seems to have been to intimidate an editor whose newspaper has been one of his most effective critics. Seeking to prove that he is actually hated by the Communists, Wechsler produced a document issued by the Central Committee of the C.P. last year which denounced him, along with David Dubinsky and Walter Reuther. Wechsler describes the scene in the *New York Post*:

> I thought it might even jar McCarthy. I underestimated the man. Suddenly the faint, familiar smile vanished from his face. "Did you write that statement?" he asked sullenly. At first I wondered whether I had heard him correctly. When he made it clear that I had, I asked whether this statement was facetious. He repeated it, this time broadening it to ask me whether I or one of my deputies had inspired this Communist attack on me. In what I will always recall as one of the most preposterous moments of my life, I thereupon solemnly denied under oath that I was the author of Communist statements denouncing myself!

Wechsler adds that McCarthy has greatly improved on the technique of regarding a witness as guilty until proved innocent. A Joe McCarthy inquiry, as he found from personal experience, "is also the place where the existence of proof of innocence becomes damning evidence of guilt." Having decided that the accused is guilty of Communism, any denunciation of him by Communists is merely a "cover." You are caught either way. When it became clear that McCarthy was really fishing for facts that might help him discredit the *Post*, Wechsler told him bluntly that "neither the *Post* nor I planned to purchase tranquillity by discovering at this late hour that Joe McCarthy is a statesman and a scholar." I shall be surprised if McCarthy is willing to publish a verbatim account of this damning session.

Americans who used to chide me for grossly exaggerating the reactionary forces in the United States now write to me in very different vein. One of them, deeply ashamed at the McCarthy cult, prophesies that he will commit suicide within six months: another reassures himself, if not me, by recalling the fate of Huey Long.

* * *

Eighteen months ago I commented on a growing practice in the magistrates' courts, under a statute of 1360, of undertaking the moral re-education of "week-end wives" found in hotels by the police with American soldiers, by threatening them with imprisonment if they did it again. I gathered then that the official excuse for this unconscionable setting-up of a *police des moeurs* was that the week-end husbands were American soldiers and therefore (under present arrangements) not amenable to English law. Apparently the Justice of the Peace Act, 1360, has now been found ineffective in the case of the professional prostitute, to whom a signed promise of moral behaviour presents even less difficulty than a forty-shilling fine for soliciting. So the Oxford police have opened a new attack by way of a charge under the Aliens Order, 1920, which requires all hotel visitors, regardless of sex or nationality, to give their names and addresses when signing the hotel register. A fortnight ago the Oxford magistrates sent two young women to prison for a month because, signing *in their own surnames*, they had represented the soldiers to be their husbands. This was a monstrous act of moral dictatorship masquerading as a "security" measure, and the Home Secretary has very properly remitted the sentences. But I hope the Lord Chancellor will now remind magistrates that adultery, which their predecessors once punished in vain with whipping and even death, is no longer a criminal matter, even when it annoys the police by happening under a *nom-de-guerre*.

* * *

The English are in danger of losing their national reputation. Recent journeys have taught me that our nationalised railways can be comfortable, fast and punctual. The food has been good and the price, as things go nowadays, not excessive. Most remarkable, the coffee is as good as you get anywhere if you don't make it yourself; perhaps we must give thanks for this to the Americans, who have a high coffee standard. Oddly it was the tea, in which we are supposed to excel, which was a failure. It is still served in small metal pots, the handles of which burn your hands and the spouts of which do not work. A few minutes after tea began our plates and table cloths were a disgusting warm, wet mess. Is it really beyond the wit of man to mass-produce a cheap teapot which can be held without a napkin and from which the tea does not pour exclusively from the lid?

CRITIC

## THIS ENGLAND

**Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.**
**Paste entries on a POSTCARD.**

My story last week of the friend who calculated the weight of St. Edward's Crown as equal to that of Debrett—the bulkiest volume available to him—has brought a *cri de coeur* from another reader. Appalled by the thought of the Queen's ordeal he sat with Debrett on his head for a prolonged period. —*Sunday Times*. (Eileen M. Blackall.)

For every attack that it launches upon a foreign land, "The New Statesman" delivers a dozen against this land. Indeed, its baby-watching column, entitled "This England," exists in order that the denizens of darkest Bloomsbury may contribute malicious newspaper cuttings out of context. —J. H. B. Peel in the *Oxford Mail*. (G. Cheney.)

In Stafford Gaol Fuchs was put to work on kit-bags for the Army. Within a day he had discovered, by making a mathematical calculation, that the cloth could be cut a different way and the Government saved several thousand pounds a year. For this he was given a 2d.-a-week rise.—*Empire News*. (G. Richards.)

Seats in public lavatories in Bath are being stamped with a secret code letter to help police recognise any that are stolen.—*Sunday Pictorial*. (J. E. Lamb.)

Brenda Mary Goddard had been attracted to the opposite sex since she was 14 and, if sent back to Portsmouth, would find temptation at the forthcoming Naval Review irresistible.—*News of the World*. (D. M. Kearney.)

# Radio City—Munich

MUNICH has always been proud of its international character. Today it probably has more foreign residents than ever in its history. Thousands of political refugees from Russia and the satellite States are gathered here, conducting emigré newspapers, playing emigré politics and eking out an existence on funds provided by one or other of the rival Secret Service organisations which have set up business in Munich since the U.S. decided to make it the headquarters of the Crusade against Communism.

Exactly what these organisations are at, no English visitor is likely to discover, though he will hear plenty of rumours about them. All the Germans I talked to resented the conspiratorial atmosphere and complained about the close attention which American counter-intelligence pays to their activities and even to their private correspondence. I sympathise with them: for the climate of the cold war is more oppressive in Munich than in any other European city except, perhaps, Western Berlin.

Out of this murky ground-fog soar the American radio stations, *Free Europe*, *Radio Liberation* and the *Voice of America*. Here are three concerns which are above ground and proud to tell you what they are doing. Since they are doing a great deal, it may be worth summarising the impressions of a visit which I paid to each of them last week. The *Voice of America* is housed in the vast Consulate-General and broadcasts to two of the Baltic states, to the Soviet Union in several languages, and to one or two of the satellites. Most of its output is still relayed from New York, but I was told that, as far as its severely limited funds permit, it is developing its own original transmissions. "What directive did you get when Stalin died?" I asked the service chief. "I can't answer that question," he replied, "but I can tell you that we felt pretty frustrated. Here in Munich we are right up against the Iron Curtain and we don't like having to pull our punches just because the boys at home feel squeamish." I need hardly add that McCarthy's investigators, Messrs. Cohn and Schine, found no fault with the Munich operation of the *Voice of America*. It is tough, hard-hitting, anti-Communist propaganda, such as every Congressman can listen to with pleasure. Whether it is equally effective on the other side of the Iron Curtain is another question.

But though it is a far bigger affair than the B.B.C. Eastern European Service, the *Voice of America* in Munich feels itself a very poor relation. Starved of funds and distracted by Congressional investigations, it looks with envy on its two private competitors. Characteristically, the Americans encourage free enterprise even in psychological warfare, and it is the two private radio stations, *Free Europe* and *Radio Liberation*, which are making the pace. They have all the staff, the equipment and the dollars that they need, and they are also free from any cribbing control by the State Department. "As a private radio station, not inhibited by diplomatic considerations, but within the great line of American foreign policy, *Radio Free Europe* wages an intensive and effective psychological war against Communism." In these words the *Voice of America*'s chief rival is described in a brochure issued to allay the concern which Germans feel about this remarkable manifestation of the American way of life. And it continues: "The programme is beamed over twenty transmitters in Germany and Portugal, with an output of 260 hours a day, to Albania, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Poland and Rumania . . . with the object of driving a wedge between the enslaved peoples and their rulers; undermining Soviet and indigenous Communist influence by every possible means; and letting the peoples know that we desire their liberation and support their aspiration to establish free governments of their own choice."

With a staff of 1,300 in Munich, and another hundred in sixteen special information bureaux scattered from Stockholm to Istanbul, *Free Europe* is a formidable affair. Every day it monitors a hundred thousand words from forty Communist radio stations, cuts and files dozens of Russian and satellite newspapers, as well as interrogating every refugee after the American Intelligence has finished with him. And it uses the vast quantity of information it thus collects for a round-the-clock radio war. To quote from the German brochure again, "*Free Europe* is doing the job today which the B.B.C. did in the second world war, when many countries were dominated by Hitler's armies and the truth was concealed by censorship."

Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, and certainly *Free Europe* has learnt a great deal from the B.B.C.'s war-time propaganda methods. Unlike most American psychological warriors, its directors (there are 28 Americans in Munich: the rest of the staff are refugees) understand that news is the best propaganda. Though some 70 per cent. of its output is music and entertainment, the basis of the service is formed by the 24 ten-minute news bulletins, transmitted on the hour, and the political commentaries, discussions and letter-box programmes with which they are interspersed.

But what about the policy? A daily directive is received from the New York office (which also directs *Radio Free Asia* in California); but I gather that effectively policy is made by the refugees who write the programme. Many of the London Poles, Hungarians and Czechs have joined *Free Europe*. Those I talked to complained about the pressures to which they were submitted by rival emigré factions, but were

enthusiastic about the freedom they enjoy in Munich, compared with the rigorous control to which they and their friends were subjected in the B.B.C. The only firm directives I could discover were a ban on support for Titoist movements, a veto on Slovak separatism and Sudeten German irredentist propaganda, and a strict directive not to upset Dr. Adenauer and to support a German contribution to E.D.C.

If *Free Europe* is a copy, or rather an American modification, of our war-time B.B.C. European Service, *Radio Liberation* bears a curious resemblance to those secret "freedom" stations which neutral observers tell us were operated from Britain during the war. Its sole object is the disruption of the Soviet Union by speaking to the peoples who compose it in their own languages, not merely Russian but Georgian, Turkistani, even Azerbaidjanian. Unlike *Free Europe*, which frankly admits that it is American-run, *Radio Liberation* claims to be the entirely independent voice of the united Russian emigration. Its arrival on the air was delayed by this claim. The charming American who directs it debated for many months with the emigrés, who range from the Tsarists of the 1917 vintage to the most recent Communist deserters. What basis could they find for their united propaganda? Finally, after a walk-out by the Ukrainians, a directive was agreed which excluded "predetermination" of what shall happen after the Kremlin has been stormed, and confines the station to anti-Soviet agitation. The afternoon I spent there was nostalgic. It had all the comedy and the frustration, the personal rivalries and national resentments which I myself experienced when dealing with emigré propagandists during the war.

The most curious feature of radio life in Munich is the elaborate protocol which divides private from public enterprise. One evening, at a party given by the chief American press officer, I asked after L——, one of the leading Americans in *Free Europe*. "He can't be invited here," I was severely told, "because *Free Europe* has nothing to do with us." True enough, *Free Europe* is private enterprise in the sense that it has received some $3½ m. collected by the Crusade for Freedom, an American organisation whose committee includes everyone—Eisenhower and Adlai Stevenson, Big Bill Donovan and Lucius Clay, Cecil B. de Mille and Henry Luce. That big business has footed most of the bill is indicated by the fact that the joint campaign chairmen are Henry Ford II and Charles E. Wilson of General Electric.

So too, *Radio Liberation* claims to be financed exclusively by the "American Committee for the Liberation of the Russian Peoples." But it is difficult even for the most credulous to believe that either Dr. Adenauer or the American military authorities in Germany would have allowed these stations to be established in Munich if they were really "private." What seems to have been evolved is a highly ingenious formula for organising an anti-Cominform. Just as the Russian Government blandly denies that it controls Communist parties outside Russia, so now the American Administration avers, with its hand on its heart, that it has no responsibility for this free-enterprise propaganda financed by American capitalists. And if anyone complains that this is organised hypocrisy, the State Department can always reply that it is no more hypocritical than the claim to independence of the Cominform.

There is no doubt about the technical efficiency of the American cold war operations in Munich. But the Englishman who inspects them is inevitably disconcerted. It is nice to be told that the B.B.C.'s contribution to the destruction of the Third Reich has been taken as a model for the Crusade against Communism. But the B.B.C. was operating in war-time, and we are not supposed to be at war—as yet.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

# Noxious Weed?

ONE should "declare interest," as they say in the House of Commons. I therefore hereby declare that I am a heavy smoker, and that I am on the defensive and rather like the doctor who became so worried by reading in the medical press about the effects of tobacco on the lungs that he decided to give it up—not smoking, but reading. Yet (between puffs of a cigarette) I am bound to admit that recent evidence is disturbing—so disturbing that the popular press, in spite of the advertising revenue from tobacco, has been compelled to discuss it, and the chairman of the biggest combine, Imperial Tobacco, has frankly admitted that it requires investigation. Statistics have lately been adduced which, at least *prima facie*, support the indictment of smoking as a factor in lung-cancer.

This is more disquieting than the charge that smoking is bad for the digestion. We smokers know that it is not; and we call in aid the fact that it saves us from the sin of gluttony, which besets those who give it up and run to fat. Or that it induces gastric ulcers, when we know that it helps to relieve the nervous strains which are much more likely to give us ulcers. Or that it causes amblyopia, the partial blindness, when we know that this eye-defect has decreased in recent years in proportion to the increase in the smoking of tobaccos lighter than the pipe-shags our fathers smoked. We admit that it increases our blood-pressure, when we are actually smoking, but we are consoled by the increasing recognition by doctors that blood-pressure is so much an individual matter that idiosyncrasies make the so-called "norm" meaningless. It may be true that smoking *aggravates* heart disease, but there is no proof that it *causes* it. And so far from dulling the brain, we find that smoking clears it. Indeed, a writer ought to be able to claim his tobacco bill as legitimate rebate on income tax, since it helps him to earn the money for the Government to tax.

The new findings, however, demand serious examination. In 20 years the yearly number of deaths from cancer of the lung has increased from 2,281 to 13,247; and in 1951 there were more cases of death from this disease than from pulmonary tuberculosis. Out of any random sample of four hundred men now over the age of forty-five, ten must be expected to die of cancer of the lung in the next 25 years. In obtaining these figures, Professor A. Bradford Hill and Dr. Richard Doll, two leading medical statisticians, carried out a survey extending over five years and involving 5,000 patients in London, Bristol, Cambridge, Newcastle, Leeds and parts of Dorset and Wiltshire. Of the sample, 1,465 had been selected as having cancer of the lung, and 1,465 as not having it. The smoking habits of the cancer cases were compared with those of the cancer-free. Significant differences were found: the cancer group included a much smaller proportion of non-smokers and a large proportion of heavy smokers. (By "heavy smokers" is meant "over 25 cigarettes per day".) It included more patients who had started smoking early in life and fewer of those who had given it up; more cigarette smokers and fewer pipe smokers; fewer users of holders and fewer chewers of tobacco. In short, the cancer group differed from the "control" group both in the amount of tobacco consumed and the way they consumed it.

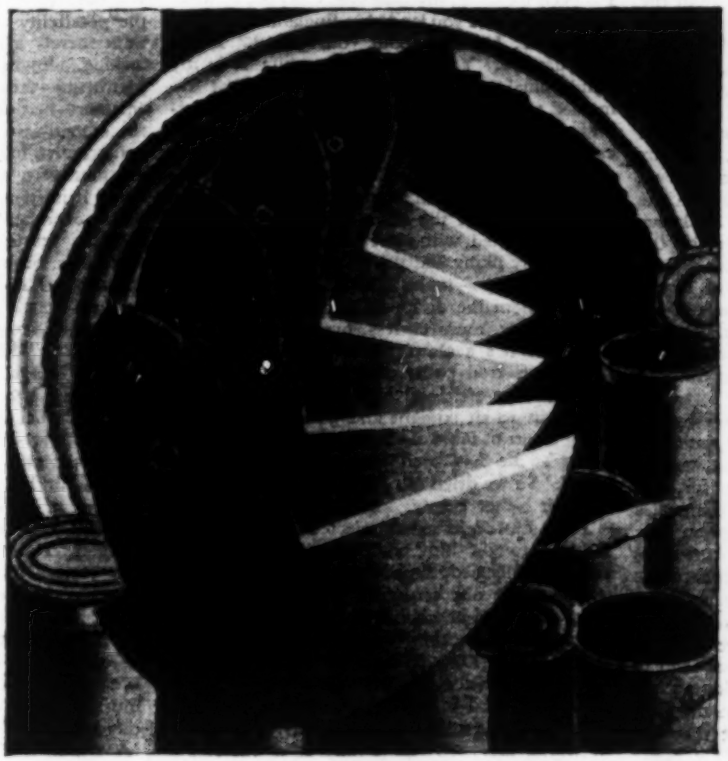
On the results the experts came to the conclusion that there was statistical evidence that "tobacco smoking is a factor in the production of carcinoma of the lung." Their critics have retorted that cancer in other parts of the body has increased, too, and that these sites cannot have been affected by smoking. Others have said that the increase in lung-cancer is more apparent than real, because in recent years the doctors have become more efficient in diagnosis; and this was underlined by the Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Health, who pointed to the increasing use of X-rays. The answer is that the increase of cancer in the other sites has not shown the same excess as in the lung, and that mass-radiography cannot surely account for the huge disproportion; otherwise the medical profession must have been criminally inefficient during the past 20 years.

Factors other than smoking may play their part. The amount of cancer of the lung is demonstrably greater in the cities than in the country. Contemporary with the increase in smoking there has also been an enormous increase in the volume of hydrocarbons vomited out by motor vehicle exhausts; and it is a long-established fact that certain hydrocarbons cause cancer—"chimney-sweeps' cancer" from soot and "mule-spinners' cancer" due to the constituents of certain oils. The disparity between smoky town and open country—not accounted for by a difference in smoking habits—is significant enough for the Medical Research Council to have undertaken researches into atmospheric conditions as a possible cause.

Tobacco, however, is "in the dock." Sir Edward Kennaway, at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, is investigating the ingredients of tobacco smoke, looking for cancer-producing substances. At the Royal Beaston Hospital, Glasgow, the nature of tobacco alkaloids and their possible relationship to cancer are being studied. Similar inquiries are being conducted in the United States and Germany. There have been suggestions that one of the explanations might be the presence of arsenic in the tobacco as a result of the spraying of the crops; but that is unlikely because the quantities, on the worst possible estimate, would be too small to have carcinogenic effect. But there is evidence that tobacco tars contain cancer-factors, and anyone who smokes a pipe or uses a filter-holder knows how much "sludge" can be produced. On the other hand, if this were to blame for the lung-effects it ought presumably (and more likely) to encourage cancer of the throat, which in fact is diminishing, while lung-cancer increases.

One further interesting theory has been raised by the experts. People with a particular constitution may be prone *both* to smoking heavily *and* to cancer. This involves the question of temperament, and may be one of the reasons why such a small proportion of the deaths from lung-cancer are among women: they are temperamentally different and therefore smoke less. And (it is argued) there is less lung-cancer among pipe-smokers than there is amongst cigarette addicts, because pipe-smoking is a symptom of a more contented nature. Can it be, then, that cancer of the lung is another of those diseases of stress, due to our over-anxious, over-hectic, over-competitive civilisation, and that chain-smoking is a warning and not a cause? Heavy smokers always justify themselves by maintaining that it relaxes strain and relieves their temper. This implies that lung-cancer may be a psychosomatic complaint, an interaction of mind and body.

There are all manner of unanswered questions. All that Bradford Hill and Doll have done is to throw out a challenge, based on facts and figures,



# CAN-OPENERS

A *LIGHT* engineering firm in the north of England had difficulty in obtaining the type of steel they required for the manufacture of can-opener blades. An alternative grade of steel was tried which it was hoped would prove suitable if heat-treated, but the results were not satisfactory. The firm consulted I.C.I. General Chemicals Division, who maintain a heat treatment section at Oldbury as part of their service to the engineering industry. Sample blades sent to Oldbury for examination were first tested for surface hardness and their internal structure was then examined under a microscope. The next step was to heat-treat unhardened blades experimentally in a bath containing molten sodium cyanide. Four different methods of treatment were tried to enable the manufacturers to determine the most suitable. The blades produced by one of these methods proved entirely satisfactory. Demonstrated at the firm's works by an I.C.I. technical service man, this heat treatment process enabled the manufacturer to continue production and maintain the quality of his products.

ICI

which appear to establish a *prima facie* case. (They have obtained answers from 40,000 doctors to a questionnaire about their own smoking habits, but their relevance to lung cancer must await the doctors' deaths.) Cigarette-smoking has not yet been "convicted," but the circumstantial evidence is strong and there are lynch-lawyers, medical James-the-Firsts, who want it suppressed out of hand. They maintain that smoking is a disease in its own right, even if it were not responsible for any other complaint, and Dr. Lennox Johnston of Wallasey is calling for a national "cease-smoking" campaign—"voluntary in the first instance." But since most doctors are heavy smokers, there are plenty of witnesses for the defence. "Excessive cigarette-smoking," says Sir John Charles, Chief Medical Officer to the Ministry of Health, "may possibly be one of the factors concerned in cancer of the lung, but it cannot be the only factor, because cancer of the lung occurs in persons who have never smoked tobacco in any form."

One thing is certain. The disclosures by the statisticians will, as so often in the past, intensify research. More money, one can predict, will be forthcoming for cancer investigation; for, not only is the vast interest of the tobacco companies involved, with dividends depending on the answer, but the Chancellor of the Exchequer has much at stake: his revenue from tobacco is £613 millions, nearly half as much again as the cost of the entire National Health Service. It will be better for the Treasury to see that the dangerous factor is taken out of tobacco than to lose the revenues. Meanwhile the odds against a non-smoker dying of lung-cancer in the next twelve months are 10,000 to 1; but they are shortened to 300 to 1 in the case of the heavy smoker. Those are still very substantial odds.

RITCHIE CALDER

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# After Limelight?

I'D been meaning, my dear Mr. Chaplin, to write to you ever since you landed in England. But then, as a critic, I wrote about you instead. *Limelight* dazzled. You'd done your stuff: I, in my infinitesimal way, did mine. Then what remained to be said? Why risk one of those meetings, apt to be difficult, between artist and advocate, the one too used to encounters and the other not enough? Anyhow, there was the intention, which I didn't pursue.

*Limelight* won the kind of success you must have anticipated, with more than half of the public enormously liking and the lesser half smiling and pursing its lips—much like the critics. I think I can fathom the disappointment or disapproval. It was mine, more or less, over *Monsieur Verdoux*. Here's a clown, I felt—*the* clown—who has always trod paths of impulse and made us laugh till we cried—giving up the goodwill and asking us to sit straight and listen to this: this being a sort of fable of the little man scrupulously doing as he has been taught by a murderous world. So we dried our eyes, we were fascinated, and left rather empty.

Your *Limelight* again rejected the clown; or, rather, brought him on, somewhat altered and professionally tied, to peep gigantically behind the scenes. The one sardonically essayed logic, the other poured out confessions. Too little heart there, too much here (though not at all, I may add, for me). *Limelight* was tears first and laughs after—wonderful tears, wonderful laughter, but a reversal (need I insist, going back?) of the usual order in *Modern Times*, *City Lights*, and the rest. Well, not everybody quite liked it, or the revelation of the artist at work and sometimes at the end of his tether behind the array of masks. Your Pagliacci had pleased widely enough in rare glimpses, in a haunting close-up; but here he was, little as life, large as art, occupying the screen. Petrouchka dancing and trying to dance and explaining his successes and failures! You can't bare yourself to that degree and expect all an audience to rise. Man, woman and child, they may have been with you on the tiles, in the hut in the snowfield; but laughter itself, the creation of laughter, interwound with loving and dying, isn't necessarily their cup of tea. Some will swallow it, others taste. And then again, self-portraiture has never before been attempted in the cinema, and what is new shocks. Let's agree that *Limelight* reaches all whom it could possibly reach: what greater success could be wished?

In France, no doubt, it has proved even more popular, and that won't surprise you any more than it does me. The French, and Parisians especially, had always been quicker to seize the heartbreak of Charlie—and, incidentally, his ruthlessness, too—and it's no accident that, wandering through their streets, you may come to one bearing your name. Our own, as you probably remember, are reserved for local builders and battlefields won or lost.

But what I have delayed mentioning, and what at last impels me to write, is the news accompanying your visit from Switzerland. It is said, first, that you mean to live in England, and then that you will make no more films—best and worst all at once! *Limelight*, they say (but their voice isn't, I hope, yours), was your swan-song. Very well. But an artist has more lives than a cat, and this "death" was crammed with promises; besides, we've all heard of that comedy of Liberty you've had so insistently in mind. Was the acclaim still not enough, homecoming in itself no more than a resigned exile from exile?

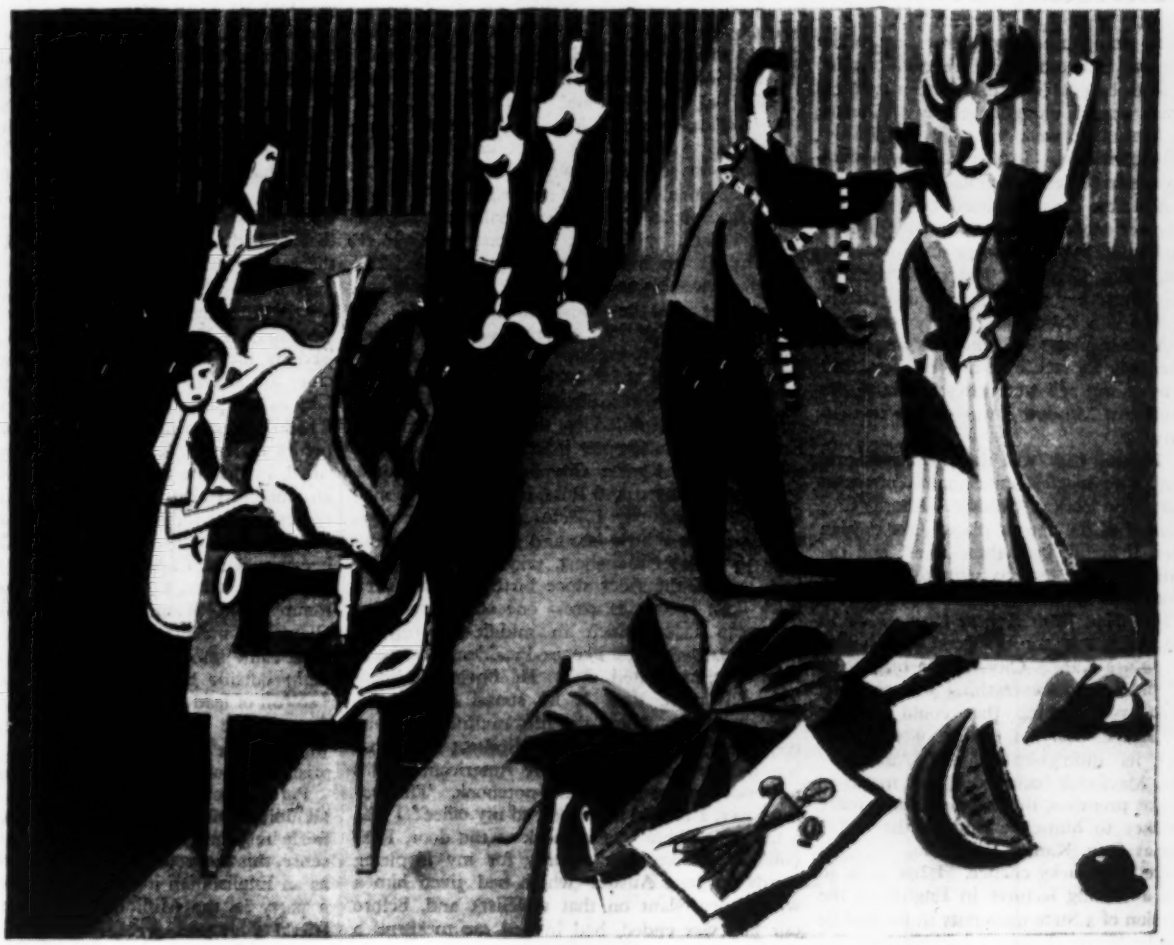
You are open to persuasion, to sympathy: you'd hardly be yourself if you weren't. The pleasure excited by your presence in London you are of course well aware of; but I wonder whether you have entertained, for its consequences to us, the possibility of your working here. We don't want merely a new film but the example of its making. English films are mediocre in all departments—drearily professional or hopefully amateur—because they have never looked beyond the second-rate, have never known any great or authoritative figure. To us critics who, miserably or collusively, must share this failure week after week, it is staggering to encounter the film standards of other countries. Within the last six months, starting—shall we?—with *Limelight*, there has been one other masterpiece, Robert Bresson's *Diary of a Country Priest* (you haven't seen it?—go!), and half-a-dozen films admirable in skill, content and appeal: *The Medium*, *Miracle of Milan*, *Two Pennyworth of Hope*, *Moulin Rouge*, *The Secret Game*, *Les Enfants Terribles*. If one of these films could have been English, what a difference it would have made; but not one! So from year to year it goes on, till in the end one's hopes winter and summer abroad, in France, Italy, America, and one's a stranger in one's own country. This estrangement of the English film critic, who on the whole remarkably retains his enthusiasm for the best in face of the worst, is one of the things to which I may perhaps draw your attention; and here and there, among writers, directors, actors, technicians—but helplessly stifled—will be found a similar devotion. We develop a deceptive cheerfulness. We feed on mirages. We shrug shoulders. Why must everything—outside an occasional documentary or thriller—be beyond our reach? Oh, it's not in the blood, our eyes aren't alight, we lack gesture, heart, or whatever it is: we can't, or at any rate don't, make films.

"If that's so," you may exclaim, "all the more reason why I shouldn't meddle."

Ah no: good reason, certainly, for anyone *not* working in or with "the British film industry" as it exists today. But that's all. You don't comply. For years you've stood apart, with your own ideas, your own methods, your own studio; you've even been your own financier. Consider what this would have meant to men like Clair and Bresson! And this enormous advantage built up for yourself, the freedom without which no artist can hope to work or breathe, you propose to chuck away or retire with? Of course you couldn't "work in with" any of the organisations making or trying to make films here. You'd ring round your own place (shouldn't the Englishman's studio be his castle?); and if one looks round, I'm told there are old studios going cheap. There you could come and go as you please, work undisturbed, import familiar actors, realise whatever project—the Liberty one, or another—you may have at heart. You wouldn't be questioned or followed; and the worst that might happen would be an excess of forms to fill in. Well, doesn't it tempt you? Doesn't it *touch*?—for, as I've said, so far as we are concerned, the fact that Chaplin is Chaplin, in the only way possible, at work and at play, would be stimulus enough. We shouldn't dare, then, *not* to do better. How do you think the literature of Spain would have fared if Cervantes had sat all his life writing in Paris?

I've not much more to say. Whether we meet or not at the moment is hardly more important to me than it can be to you. I know Charlie so damned well; and Chaplin would take some getting used to. But I'll make a date. In three years' time—shall we say?—I'll be there, waiting for the lights to go down, in the eighth row.

G. W. STONIER



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SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

# The Man from Kansas City

WHEN I was young it seemed to me that to be an American was not so much to possess a certain nationality as to be possessed of a certain state of mind. There were, I thought, people who, irrespective of birthplace, were what one could only call natural Americans. I believed I was one, and so for years in adolescence it was my ambition to go to America, for I realised that, natural American or not, any American must be inhibited outside the United States. Europe didn't interest me; France, Italy, Greece, I had small wish to see any of them: they were historic, and to the American, as I conceived him, history was antipathetic. A strong part of America's appeal to me was precisely its lack of a historic past, and while others of my age were already taking the Intourist route to Moscow I was on the road to Kansas City.

For me Kansas City was the great romantic place-name, more magical even in its American context than New York or Chicago. Kansas City was my symbol of the newest place. One day, in the Nineties, it hadn't been there at all, and the next day, there it was, the city without a past. I dreamed for years of writing a novel that should be called *The Man from Kansas City*. I could never have written it, for the good reason that Kansas City—*my* Kansas City—was a blank, the great good place where everything was possible, where there was nothing that could not be achieved. Kansas City, in other words, was America at its quintessential, and America—though Mr. MacLeish hadn't then got round to saying it—was promises, the promises the solitary dreamer makes to himself. And in the end I got to Kansas City, Kansas City, Mo.

I got there by a lucky chance. I had gone to America as a visiting lecturer in English in the summer session of a State university in the middle of the Middle West. I wasn't surprised or disappointed at anything I found: I had the sense that I'd been there before, as indeed in many ways I had, in scores of American movies and American novels. I felt straight away that I could be as good an American as the next—if only they'd let me. That was the trouble: if only they'd let me. I found they wouldn't let me be anything but an Englishman. The university normally had an Englishman about the campus: his role was that of the tame exotic, and it was part of his job to be an Englishman. Some of my predecessors had achieved prodigies in this respect, and were remembered with affectionate bewilderment as so many Aubrey Smiths of the Corn Belt: they had organised cricket matches, introduced morris dancing, imported very dry sherry at great cost and served it at parties instead of high-balls. I, whose only wish was to be allowed to go native, found my Englishness thrust back upon me. There was my damnable accent, which the co-eds thought cute; there was my sense of humour, which was suddenly revealed as "droll" and "typically British." One woman, I admit, found me wanting: she complained I didn't look a bit like Mr. J. B. Priestley, an accusation which—such is human nature—immediately made me indignant.

On the whole, I didn't especially distinguish myself as an Englishman; my heart wasn't in it enough; for the most part, I just about passed. But there was another source of disconcertment for me, besides the refusal to allow me to be an American: all the Americans I most liked entirely disapproved of my notions of America. They considered them barbarous, and insulting to America. It was the historic, precisely the historic, that appealed to them; nothing could have made them happier than to have discovered a reference to Kansas City in Doomsday Book.

There was my friend Ross, for instance. I met him the second day I lectured. He came into the classroom a little late and sat down immediately in front of me, short, very broad, with the bow legs of the rider since birth; wearing very thick horn spectacles across one of those square American faces which in middle-age run to rectangular wrinkles like ex-President Hoover's. How he intimidated me! He obviously knew so much more than I; he stared at me unwaveringly throughout the fifty minutes; his face responded to none of my witticisms; and what was infinitely alarming in any American, he did not once make a note in his notebook. The lecture over, I retired in despair to my office: I was a failure. There was a knock at the door, Ross entered, thanked me warmly for my inspiring words on Jane Austen (which had given him a wholly new slant on that novelist), and, before our talk was ended, had invited me to spend a week with him in Kansas City.

Ross was several years older than I, already an assistant professor in a small Southern college and, like most of the students in the summer session, hunting for a higher degree. For me, he was a very admirable American. He had been born and brought up on a ranch in Texas and, as befitted his horseman's bow legs, held a commission in the U.S. Cavalry Reserve. He was a graduate of Oklahoma and Harvard and had paid his way through college by driving oil-tankers during vacation from Tucson to New Orleans. His great-grandfather had been one of the earliest judges in Texas, administering justice with Blackstone in one hand and a Colt in the other; and when Ross got drunk, you would find him blubbing quietly to himself in a corner, and when you asked him why he would explain that his grand-mammy had once owned the land on which the city of Dallas now stands and if she'd only held on to it he'd be the richest man in all these United States. Yet such was his perversity, as it seemed to me, that his one wish was to get away to Europe at the earliest opportunity, to see some real history, and his one regret—apart from that for the City of Dallas—was that he hadn't been to the University of Oxford, a medieval institution.

With Ross it was impossible for me to be anything but an Englishman, for in his eyes it was probably my most valuable attribute. I was, as it were, the representative of all that was not Kansas City. But to Kansas City we went. We stayed with his father-in-law in what was called the Millionaire District: I remember it now mainly as a collection of enormous sham-Alhambras, studded by Gargantuan Anne Hathaway cottages set in vast lawns. Ross's house was older and more modest; his father-in-law had been president of a nearby university until the Democrats had turned him out, and his house resembled, I fancy, that of any professor anywhere in the world. Except for one thing. In the entrance hall there was a large cupboard, like a wardrobe: unlocked, it revealed a positive armoury of rifles and revolvers. Ross's father-in-law had begun his academic career as Professor of Latin in a university in an oil-town in the South-West: I gained the distinct impression that he had taught Caesar's *Gallic War* armed to the teeth.

Was I disillusioned in Kansas City? I think not, because by the time I got there I had learnt that, outside New England and the areas colonised by the French and Spanish, all American cities are alike. And if I had prefigured Kansas City as the place where everything was possible, I hadn't been so far wrong. Until a few months before I arrived, Kansas City had been virtually ruled, in that he paid the police their wages, by an amiable Italian named Johnny Lazia; he had rackets on the red-light district, the soda parlours and the pool halls, and he was well thought of because, when Capone's men tried to muscle in on Kansas City, he had chased them out with tommy guns. Kansas City liked to see local boys allowed to make good. Then, when the Democrats came into office, Lazia was discovered one night outside his hotel, "filled," as Ross said, "so full of lead it wasn't even funny." His murderers were never traced, but thenceforth the wages of the police force were paid by an enterprising Yorkshireman named Pendergast.

Partly because of its link with politics and administration, the gangster's profession was fairly respectable in Kansas City. It was, in a sense, this respectability that led to my apotheosis as an Englishman in America. Ross took me to a party in the Millionaire District given by a friend of his, an insurance-broker who specialised in acting for gangsters. It was not a large party, but those present were, as I was assured on several occasions, "a great bunch of kidders." I did my best to be a kidder too, but it was the stickiest party I was ever at. After the first drinks and some abortive kidding we sang songs in desperation and, since in those days I was mildly interested in American folk songs, I asked for "Franky and Johnny," variants of which I was collecting. The silence was so frigid that I realised there were variants of a kind I'd not suspected.

We had, in fact, nothing to say to one another until I learnt that my host had been in England during the war as a major in the U.S. Army. England was not a country he thought much of, but he suddenly said: "This I'll give you; the English are swell soldiers." It was a wonderful moment; I took him up on it and, knowing nothing of any armies, plunged into a discussion of comparative merits, armaments and methods of organisation. Since he knew so much more than I, mine was inevitably the role of questioner. For us two, at any rate, the party was saved, and while the others danced to the radio we moved into the kitchen, leaning towards each other across the refrigerator, drinks in hand, and talked in solitude into the small hours. I cannot say I was profoundly interested, but I'd got the man on his hobby-horse and the least I could do was to keep him there.

The next evening Ross and his wife and I went for a walk. They kept on looking at me and giggling. They wouldn't tell me what was the matter, but it seemed the more they looked at me

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the more irresistibly funny I became; until in the end I lost my temper and demanded to know the joke. Amidst splutterings of laughter, it came out. "Cyrus," Ross said, referring to the insurance-broker, "Cyrus says you're a British secret agent." I was nonplussed. "A British secret agent? Whatever makes him think that?" It didn't make sense at all. "He says," Ross went on, "you grilled him for three hours about the United States Army and asked questions about weapons and logistics only an expert would think of putting." "What nonsense!" I said. "Do I look like a secret agent? Do I look like a soldier? And if I were, is it likely I'd be teaching in a university in the Middle West?" "That," Ross said triumphantly, "that, according to Cyrus, proves it. He says it's too perfect; it just shows the diabolical cleverness of the British Secret Service." Ross's face assumed a blankness, and the quotation marks came into his voice. "Believe you me, Ross," he mimicked, "that sawn-off runt is just the kind of guy the Goddam British Secret Service would send to Kansas City. I know the Goddam British. They can't fool this baby."

WALTER ALLEN

# The Arts and Entertainment

## LOVE FOR LOVE

MISS PEGGY ASHCROFT'S triumph as Cleopatra at Stratford last week should have happened in a more extravagant age. How comparatively cold and restrained is mere hand-clapping, how feeble an English theatre audience's efforts to cheer, a few half-strangled "Bravo's" self-consciously dying as soon as they are born. How different it should have been! How the audience, bathed in tears, should have surged down to the footlights, hurling bouquets on to the stage till she stood banked in flowers, and then the young men, baying at the stage door, have unhitched her carriage and drawn her triumphant through the cheering streets.

Somehow my intoxicated audience would have made it clear that they included in their rapturous ovation Mr. Michael Redgrave for his superb Antony and Mr. Glen Byam Shaw for his remarkable production, flinging up whatever tributes are suitable—cigars, brandy-flasks, cuff-links?—to the no less triumphant males. But it would be round Miss Ashcroft of the flaming hair and golden voice that the demonstration would culminate. For haven't we waited goodness knows how many years for this role to be realised as we fantasied it might be? Haven't we each time been left short of satisfaction? And is there anything to be compared with the pleasure of experiencing this incomparably rich and glowing play embodied out in all its richness before us? As if reading in a dusty study could be any sort of substitute! Poor, sad, silly, unsatisfied Charles Lamb trying to persuade himself that the fantasy pleasures are as satisfying as the real!

I must not, however, in my enthusiasm raise false expectations. I am not claiming that Miss Peggy Ashcroft's performance is one of those definitive performances (like Gielgud's Hamlet, Dame Edith's Millamant or Olivier's Richard III) which stamp an interpretation on a part for a whole generation. Miss Ashcroft is not by natural endowment an ideal enough Cleopatra for that. She is neither physically large enough nor temperamentally earthy enough. The point about her is that, in spite of her natural disadvantages, she achieves the role; and, having waited twenty-five years to see that done, I am at her feet. Her success has the additional spice of being a triumph over the general expectation. With Mr. Redgrave it is different. Among the several

# There's a future in STEEL

On the Isle of Grain in Kent the centuries-old work of extracting salt from sea water has given place to the modern industry of oil refining. More than a hundred thousand tons of steel have been used in the construction of Anglo-Iranian's newest oil refinery there. Through the six hundred miles of steel pipeline now laid on this site four million tons of oil will pass each year for processing. The finished products will serve homes and factories throughout Britain, and land, sea and air transport in many countries.

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S.47

actors capable of Antony, I should have picked him as the one capable of the best. I never had any fear that he would be anything but superb. And so it turned out.

The success of a production of *Antony and Cleopatra* can be gauged in the first five minutes, for the opening scene plunges us at once into the steaming climate, and from the first encounter with this Antony and this Cleopatra I had no doubts. They whirled in a flurry of passion unsatisfied down the long steps bathed in a hot, sandy light; and the imperial whore prods and goads, and the magnificent wreck of a bull is blinded with desire. From then on the scenes shuttle in unbroken succession, the luxurious glow of the East giving instant place to the cold white of Rome, and it is only a second and closer look that assures one that each is a pure illusion created by light alone on the cyclorama. This bareness makes not only for a wonderful pace but for a most effective isolation of the characters, silhouetted against the coloured background, alone with their words. Never again does one want to see the cluttered stage which most productions need to employ to suggest the necessary pomp.

The two important minor characters are here in the safest hands. Mr. Marius Goring is a splendid Cæsar, growing throughout the play from a prim uncertain youth to a proud and subtle maturity. Mr. Harry Andrews was the gruff Enobarbus delivering the great description with a fine relish and dropping his asides with a rough soldierliness. It is perhaps a general criticism of the males in the cast that in aiming at a soldierly gruffness they become a shade indistinct—even Mr. Redgrave, from whom one is accustomed to getting every lightest syllable, was a little at fault; but this I am sure was a first night accident which will already have gone.

It applied, anyhow, only to some of his single-line speeches and interjections. His big scenes were masterly, especially the denunciation of Cleopatra when she entertains Cæsar's messenger, and the magnificent "Unarm, Eros"; and the interpretation was superbly maintained, passion and guilt fighting it out desperately till the last. Miss Ashcroft could always be counted on to do the long close beautifully, and high and lonely in her purple she conducted it with a rare feeling for the tragic poetry. Less foreseeable was the variety she injected into her moods and the range she found in the earlier scenes, the humour, the langour and the heat. It is in encompassing these that Miss Ashcroft's achievement lies. Of Mr. Byam-Shaw's fine production I have only two small criticisms. The Enobarbus story wants a shade more preparation, and the music, suggestive and appropriate in itself, overlaps too much with the speech. This wants moderating. Motley are responsible for the admirably simple sets and rich costumes which crown a production altogether worthy of the highest Stratford traditions.

T. C. WORSLEY

## IRMELIN

THE production at Oxford of Delius's first opera shows that, by 1890, his style was in all essentials already set. *Irmelin* contains no surprises. It is the romantic, dreamy Delius we know so well: like all his larger works, a mixture of delight and exasperation. If exasperation is finally in the ascendant, blame the extreme naivety of the libretto, the composer's own concoction.

*Irmelin* lasts, with intervals, about three hours, in the course of which little happens and there is almost no dramatic conflict. In Act I the Princess Irmelin is shown daydreaming about an ideal lover, and turning down an assortment of three real ones. In Act II we meet the hero, Nils, who has "strayed from the Silver Stream" (a vague symbol of the path to happiness) and become swineherd to an outlaw chief called Rolf; like a second Parsifal, he tears himself away from the blandishments of the outlaw's female followers and finds the Silver Stream again. In Act III Irmelin, having given in to the most persistent suitor, is looking glum during the betrothal festivities. Nils appears; and, when the rest have gone off on a hunting party (another Wagnerian echo), the two confess their love and "like two children, wander playfully and wonderingly through the forest."

If the adventures of Nils and Irmelin are less poignant than those of Sali and Vrenchen in *A Village Romeo and Juliet*, it is partly because their music never rises to the heights of the "Paradise Garden" intermezzo, and partly because the third of three acts is really too late for an operatic hero and heroine to strike up an acquaintance. The two sing a love duet, separate for a moment (this is very ineffective, as though she had gone off to pack) and then meet again—only to sing another love duet, just as long, just as rapturous as before. Dramatic construction, of course, was not Delius's forte; and it is perfectly clear that the opera, for all its passing charms, has no practical future in the theatre.

The only part of the music previously familiar is the Prelude—a characteristic piece, very beautiful in its way, in which a haunting snatch of tune is passed from key to key and from one wood-wind soloist to another until the strings add a final caress. A similar style of construction prevails throughout the lyrical part of the opera; to depict robber chieftains, unsuccessful suitors and such mundane fellows, Delius uses a semi-Wagnerian idiom, like *Meistersinger* with the muscles painlessly removed. The vocal parts are well written, and if there are times when they soar aloft in the all too easy ecstasy of Ruritanian operetta, it is fair to remind ourselves that Delius is one of the originals from whom this popular idiom derives. The Oxford production (by Dennis Arundell) was very clear, with appropriate and surprisingly lavish decor by Mary Owen, a pair of plausible lovers (Edna Graham and Thomas Round) with the pure, pale voices suitable to the music, and a chorus of undergraduates who were as rousing as the composer would allow them to be. But it was inevitable that the chief pleasure of the evening should come from its instigator and protagonist, Sir Thomas Beecham, who drew from his Royal Philharmonic Orchestra playing of an exquisite delicacy and distinction.

No such playing was to be heard from the Telemann Orchestra, which made its début under Walter Bergmann a few days earlier at the Mary Ward Hall. Indeed, the performance of *Ino*, a mythological cantata written in 1766 (when Telemann was 85) and sung on this occasion by Ilse Wolf, was instrumentally so rough as to give little idea of its value. But one may guess that it is a conventional piece by comparison with the opera buffa, *Pimpinone*, which formed the main part of the entertainment. The plot and the two characters are almost those of *La Serva Padrona*; the three acts (originally designed as comic interludes between the acts of an opera seria) are full of ingenious musical ideas, such as the syncopations of an embarrassed stammerer, or a fussy duet about who should go through a door first—just when we seem to have reached a solution of this momentous question, a *da capo* sends us back again to scratch. In this scene and elsewhere, Patricia Hughes showed a pretty sense of comedy


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as the designing Vespetta; and Norman Platt, the author of the neat translation, made an excellent foil. Archie Harradine was the accomplished producer of this amusing trifle, which thoroughly deserved its airing.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

## WATCH AND LISTEN

ALTHOUGH the overstaffing at Broadcasting House may give pensions to deserving authors—which some of us may think is all to the good—it also leads to a stifling of talent. But perhaps the best way to illuminate this is to follow the trail of an imaginary young writer, Bill Bloggs, who wants, let us say, to adapt that admirable book, *The Sudden View*. A journey through Mexico—surely it should provide splendid material for a broadcast? There is the colour, the unfamiliar scene, the struggle against the Church, the poverty of the peasants: we can even drag in D. H. Lawrence to show that we are not utterly without culture. So the synopsis is written and then weeks will probably elapse—but not idle weeks for the B.B.C. The idea will come before a committee and there, it may be, the producer will find himself at loggerheads with all the other members. Some will object that they have never heard of Bloggs, others will prefer a script on Portugal, and somebody is bound to ask whether, at a time of economic crisis, it is in the national interest to attract people to Mexico. But eventually the script will be ordered and, in due course, our hero enters one of those enormous lifts that seem built more for animals than for men. Little does the poor fellow know that it may be many, many years before he sees daylight again.

The struggle against the Church must clearly be referred to the religious department where it will naturally be subjected to the most wary scrutiny: is there really any need for this controversial matter? Better have it out—far, far better. A sentence to the effect that angels have wings will also cause pious alarm: such fanciful notions, Bloggs will be told, might offend the Seventh Day Adventists. Several pleasant weeks can be spent on these niceties—on the anti-Catholic sentiments of the Plymouth Brethren, for instance, and how they can be squared with the dogmas of Rome—by no means a difficult problem on the B.B.C. But in the end the script will be tossed into the arena again and will almost certainly attract the agricultural scavengers; surely farming in Mexico provides a chance to put over some propaganda for the need of more tractors in Britain? And this praise of compost—might it not rouse Imperial Chemical Industries? Afterwards there will be a good deal of agitation over a reference to *The Plumed Serpent*: the literary adviser will have to be consulted—or should it be the zoo?

From there the poor mutilated script, if it happens to be a talk, will probably go to the Controller of Talks and, much later, to the Director of the Spoken Word. And by this time our hero will have discovered that there is more than one way of interfering with a writer. He will be caught in that powerful mystery—B.B.C. Policy. He will be told that working for radio is an art in its own right, with rules and a technique that have to be learnt. He will find that he lacks judgment and, if he protests, that he is uncooperative.

There are authors, particularly if they are well-known, who escape all this or have the luck to serve under a producer, imaginative and strong enough to let them have their heads. But the point is that this machinery now exists—the grind of useless work, the sitting of committees, the agonised fear that somebody, somewhere, may be offended. With so many distractions it is hardly surprising if people forget that the success or failure of a script basically depends on the quality of the writing: no amount of frills and flash-backs and crowd scenes and noises off can be a compensation if there is a poverty and dullness in the prose. Let me give two examples of what is in my mind. The historical feature is always a difficult thing to do, mainly because there have been so many failures that one is always derisively on the alert. Because of this the success last week of *Guildhall* is all the more remarkable and it came off, let us observe, largely because of the concise and muscular prose. Now compare that production with a very different programme, one that the B.B.C. is particularly proud of—I mean, the *Portrait of Robert Flaherty*. The meaning of Flaherty's life is surely not in doubt; it is the story, a very old story, of a man of genius suffering at the hands of vulgarity, greed, and cowardice. And what did the B.B.C. make of these ugly realities? Nothing but a string of clichés and platitudes which, though ingeniously put together, could leave only a most painful impression.

And we should, I think, add a rider to the proposition on the importance of the writer. One of the curiosities about the B.B.C. is that, despite all the solemn talk about whether a script is radiogenic or not, the possibilities of this extraordinarily exciting medium have never been fully exploited. The boundaries of sound radio are limitless and that is how they appeared in the early days. Since then they have become largely fixed and stereotyped. The only person who can get them on the move again is the writer—and to do that he must be given back his freedom.

HUGH MASSINGHAM

## THE MOVIES

**"Two Pennyworth of Hope," at the Academy**
**"Desert Rats," at the Odeon**

During that odd little Italian festival at the New Gallery a while back, not the least Italian feature was the fact that, turning up in the mornings, one never knew what film would be shown. In film showing as well as film making there's a national style. We ourselves are apparently never happier than when queues are long and skies threatening: even to measure up Miss Marilyn Monroe and Niagara, we must introduce some of the ardours of climbing Everest. The Frenchman goes politically alert, civically witty, prepared to adjoin to the café half of his cinema for at least three-quarters of an hour in the middle. The Spaniard violates screen, time, place and every sexable thing, with his glance. The German? Don't know, but hope to find out. The Russian? Can guess, but won't. Then the American loves, on a summer evening, to drive his car into a circle of cars—beasts round a water-hole—and thus at the wheel and in the dark to experience the thrill of race: we should remember this, perhaps, when we thumb down their films in our tame indoors. Italians, as I've suggested, are unpunctual and impossible, but cool and charming; and when they arrive, their films are *good*.

Two first-rate films came out of that festival: De Sica's *Miracle of Milan*, since seen, and now Castellani's *Two Pennyworth of Hope*. Castellani follows De Sica, in age and belief, in method. The actors of this film are none of them actors, the village (between Vesuvius and Naples) is real, the vision fresh as an oxdip. Life—life—life! Good heavens, I spend three or four mornings or afternoons a week looking through the screen's window on to unreality, so that I almost lose the taste of it. As soon as I can I go away to gulp down the street outside. Not with *Two Pennyworth of Hope*. Castellani's film has haunted me ever since I met it, smack in the face, last summer, and, having seen it again, I can hardly see or feel anything else. Here is a film we can all agree on, highbrows and lowbrows, extraverts, introspects, cads, dandies, angels. It's violently comic, in the round: need I point out how rare that is? Unemployment, hunger, shiftlessness, eccentricity, the spring at the cross, and the ghost of a clenched fist: all the trade marks of "neo-realism" are there. What isn't predetermined is the careless, funny, passionate grip on humanity; and this will electrify any cinema-goer except the hopelessly non-conducting. I won't repeat what I wrote on its first appearance. Let me add that, on a second viewing, I find its high spirits and low lots even

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more irresistible, there's more rhyme in riot, and Cicognini's hurrying tune beautifully catches the story. We have enjoyed a number of rarely good films lately, headed by *Diary of a Country Priest* and *The Medium*, but of them all *Two Penny-worth of Hope* has most claim on outsize audiences; and if it doesn't get them, I shall think less of our rain-loving queues.

*Desert Rats* supplies a sequel to *Desert Fox*. Rommel (James Mason) is this time in the background, and the defenders of Tobruk are to the fore. It's a not so badly made American war piece with English actors, among whom Mr. Richard Burton shows a truculent freshness. Its battle manœuvres and some of its characters and surroundings are genuine. Then why does it leave us so untouched? Despite "good moments," not for one instant has the screen ceased to be a screen.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

**Le Corbusier, at the I.C.A.**

No one is going to question Le Corbusier's genius. The important thing is to define it. For myself I believe that his genius is that of an impresario. He is a publicist; he devises on a huge, generalised scale; he demands and receives complete allegiance from his collaborators; he has created ideas, programmes—rather than works. This exhibition (about which a great deal of eulogistic nonsense has been written) proves that he is a bad painter, but is interesting because it points to the same conclusion. It contains one large recent tapestry, a wood carving bolted and clamped in the form of a robot, and about thirty paintings and drawings ranging from his early cubist-derived still-lives to his formalised contemporary figure paintings, assembled, as it were, from mineral and organic component images. The spirit behind these works is dignified and pure. One senses a wide intelligence. One respects the attempt to create an heroic art out of the engineering miracles of the human body; one admires the rational experiment. Nevertheless, they fail for two reasons; because their symbolism, for the creation of an heroic art, is too subjective, and because they lack all visual refinement, and, therefore, paradoxically, all visual strength. One can feel neither dedication nor enthusiasm within the actual process of their creation; instead, they are obstinate *plans* for paintings: bold, untidy ideas which someone else must resolve and put flesh on. Again the impresario.

J. B.

**Ceri Richards, at the Redfern**

"Very Matisse-ish," said the clever gentleman, and then, to add to his effect, "Early Matisse." In fact, if one plays the critical parlour game of Derivations, the clues are, Matisse, Picasso, Rubens, Ernst, De Staël, and a line of Celtic poets. Yet the exhibition demands more profound judgment. There are weak pictures—a pretentiously titled, incoherently ordered abstract (No. 8), a slick decoration (No. 6)—but there are also several paintings of considerable and rewarding seriousness. The first version of *Red and Green Interior* is undoubtedly a minor masterpiece. Red figures from this artist's previous "Rape" canvases decorate a wall in front of which is a figure at a piano. This figure is painted in red and green squares which simultaneously coalesce into the most solid form and dissolve into a dancing checkerboard of movement and light. The colour is magnificently, almost tragically resonant, and the contrast between the fixed gestures of the painted figures and the ambivalence of the living pianist is truly poetic: in diagrammatic terms of chess their difference is that between the moves of a King and Knight: in human terms, between Convention and the Heart. *Sunlight in a room*, in which another pianist and a girl on a chair are lyrically drawn in blue silhouette against a multicoloured background—as though the light like the sea flowed over a bed of shells—is happy and satisfying, if less profound. *Homage to Beethoven*, which includes a finely drawn girl looking at a sheaf of music, is not taken so far as the others, but, as Richards's latest work, it augurs well for his future development. Facility usually hides impotence. In Richards's case it is combined with extraordinary energy. This energy, however, cannot be adequately expressed in pure colour; it requires the weight of spatial tone, just as his voluptuousness (hard variety, not soft) requires figurative rather than abstract forms. *Homage to Beethoven* suggests that he realises this.

J. B.

**"As You Like It," at the Mermaid Theatre on the Royal Exchange**

The Royal Exchange, until recently "a vast, cold, historic barn," has been magnificently transformed into the gayest theatre in London as a result of the enterprise of Bernard Miles, the co-operation of the joint Grand Gresham Committee, the imagination of an anonymous architect and the ingenuity of a number of contractors. A wonderful blue and golden ceiling has been suspended from the roof, and a lovely little theatre built round a stage from which every word and action should be clear to every member of the audience. The double-decker stage with the musicians' gallery at the top is probably the prettiest that has ever been designed in London. Monday's opening of this theatre in the City where no theatre has been for a couple of centuries was a great occasion; everyone came full of enthusiasm, longing to applaud *As You Like It*.

Unhappily the production and acting were below the level of the occasion. Only the singing produced general and whole-hearted bursts of applause. Miss Josephine Wilson looked delightful and played Rosalind with spirit. Touchstone (Reg Varney) was gay and the melancholy Jaques (Michael Gartred) stood still long enough to let one hear Shakespeare's words. The production as a whole lacked finish and one got the impression of too many people shuffling about among the rushes with which the stage was prettily, but mistakenly, strewn. In short, all the incidentals were charming, including the happy ideas for transforming the ducal palace into the Forest of Arden. Everyone wants this splendid venture to succeed and for that very reason it is the duty of critics to emphasize that at this performance Shakespeare's words were not well spoken, the acting, for such a theatre, inadequately professional, and the production in need of amendment.

K. M.


**Adlai Stevenson**

**on**

**KOREA**

America's forthright Democratic leader is now making his promised world tour . . . meeting the people behind the headlines . . . visiting the countries in the news. In an exclusive series of articles in Picture Post—starting this week with a report from Korea—he gives first-hand impressions of what he has seen and heard and comments outspokenly on events.

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**PICTURE POST**


# Correspondence

## THE REAL KOREAN PROBLEM

SIR,—As a Korean, I should like to express my views on post-truce Korea. There is only one thing every Korean, including the Korean Communists, agrees on: that is, the unification of a whole Korea. Every Korean wants a unified Korea at almost any cost. The intensity of this desire may be beyond the understanding of outsiders who have a superficial knowledge about Korea. "South Koreans" and "North Koreans" are words invented by the American press after the Korean war. Korea has not been a multi-national community. She has been a single national community since time immemorial. In the sense of Max Weber, Korea is an ideal model of a homogeneous national state. The Koreans have represented a historic, concentrated, stable community of people originating on the basis of language, territory, psychological make-up, in-group feeling, general economic life and general culture. We Koreans haven't had the problems which stem from co-existence of multi-nationals like Welshmen, Scotsmen, Irishmen and Englishmen in the United Kingdom.

After 1945, political groupings took place among politically conscious Koreans on a large scale, as happened in any liberated area. However, contrary to the popular notion held in this country, this grouping had nothing to do with birth place, location of residence or family connection. The Koreans joined Communist organisations or Rightist organisations on the basis of their own political beliefs. It is not an uncommon phenomenon that a father is a committeeman of a national party while his son is an aide to Kim Il Sung. The bulk of English-speaking officials of the Republic of Korea are "North Koreans" by birth place. As for that matter, Syngman Rhee is a "North Korean". Mr. H. Y. Pak, a boss of the Korean Communist Party, is a "South Korean".

Socially and culturally all parts of Korea meet through Seoul. It is the hub. A girl from North-eastern Korea comes to Seoul to get higher education and meets a man from the North-west. Division of Korea at the 38th Parallel tore asunder the Korean family unit. Close kin, father, sons, brothers, were arbitrarily placed in opposite camps. I have my father and brothers living near Yalu. But I haven't seen them since 1945 because of the 38th Parallel. This is not an isolated case. The problem of displaced families presses us, who place a high value on family institution and filial piety, to obtain unification at any price. Seoul is the centre of the centripetal forces socially, culturally and psychologically.

Lastly, the factors of the Korean economic geography are the most serious ones. All the mountain ranges and communication lines run from north to south. Because of this feature the Korean has more contacts with his fellow Korean living 300 or 500 miles to the north or south than he would with his countryman situated 30 or 50 miles east or west of his position. Economically, North and South supplement each other and form an organic unit. Neither can survive without the other. This is particularly true with the economy under the Rhee regime. For example, 90 per cent. of water power in the South used to come from the North. There is no comparison between divided Korea and divided Germany. To divide Korea by latitude is like cutting a human body at the waist-line. For the reasons I stated above, we cannot afford the present division. We might afford division by longitude, but the division by latitude is a sort of death sentence to the Koreans.

The forces towards unification are too overwhelming to keep Korea divided. The unification will and must come, sooner or later, either by negotiation or by force. If the U.N. stops short of obtaining unification by peaceful means, the only alternative for the Koreans will be to continue toward unification by armed force, which the Peoples Democratic Republic of Korea tried.

It is not entirely the bias of a Korean to assert that, among other causes, the main, direct cause of the Korean war is division by the 38th Parallel, which was decided by the U.S.S.R. and U.S. without consideration of the will of the Koreans who must live there. It has been my understanding that in a free world the consent of the concerned is required before any decision is arrived at. I want to believe the U.N

will make every effort to undo this vast mistake, which has taken so many lives. I am well aware of its extreme difficulty. But where there is a will, there is a way.

KEE IL CHOI

17 Frost Street, Cambridge, Mass.

## PUNISHMENTS IN KENYA

SIR,—On Thursday, April 23, the Nairobi Branch of the Royal Society of St. George dined and wined in one of the city's best hotels. The principal after-dinner orator was one Sir Richard Woodley, who made a long and eloquent speech on the need for sterner measures against those who offend against society. The Kenya Penal Code was, he said, in need of amendment and the Prison Ordinance did not permit punishment of sufficient severity. "Three years of slaving from dawn to dusk," the *East African Standard* reported him as saying, "on a ration sufficient only to keep him alive and working but no more—powers to prison officials in charge to cut rations and inflict corporal punishment of a severe nature for misdemeanour—are more likely to be an effective deterrent than ten or twenty years of an ordinary sentence."

I do not propose to comment on Sir Richard's views on the local penal system. The points made by Mr. H. S. Potter, the Chief Secretary of the Government, that is the official next in importance to the Governor, are very much more interesting. I quote the same paper: "Mr. Potter had considerable sympathy with the principles which he (Sir Richard) had put forward regarding sanctions against those who set themselves up against society. The two basic factors which distinguished the African generally from themselves in regard to imprisonment were, in the first place, that African society had not yet developed the stigma of shame attaching to imprisonment and secondly, *the low standard of living of many Africans which made it difficult to provide a still lower standard when they were in prison.*" [my italics].

Even making proper allowance for the occasion, the essential truth of such words coming from such an authority is hardly open to doubt; no comment can add to their significance. Of the various cats in this particular bag none larger, glossier or sleeker is likely in the future to be let out than that enlarged by the present Chief Secretary.

Nairobi. PETER EVANS

## UNESCO WITCH-HUNT

SIR,—Your editorial note on American witch-hunting in Unesco seemed to me to miss a vital point. I was present on April 17 in the public galleries when Unesco's Acting Director-General, John Taylor, told members of the Executive Board that he had received a letter from the State Department back in February "proposing" that Unesco fire all Americans "who are demonstrated to be, *or likely to be* engaged in subversive activities against the Government of the United States of America." This, Dr. Taylor pointed out, obviously is the official American interpretation of the purposes of the current investigations. "The grounds for dismissal set out by the Department of State," he added, "thus extend to the concept of *potential* misbehaviour, while the Staff Regulations are limited to actual misconduct and to unsatisfactory service." He admitted what seemed natural enough: that proven acts of espionage or subversive activities are grounds for dismissal. But he left the decided impression that the U.S. Government would find it rather difficult to locate spies in Unesco and hence would base its demands on potential misbehaviour.

Checking on "potential misbehaviour" seems to be a latter-day American euphemism for Thought Control. Are American members of international organisations now to be quizzed on whether they prefer Shelley to Keats, as has happened in American Universities recently? And once the magnificent precedent is established, are Spaniards and Germans *et al.* in these organisations also to have their minds X-rayed? Nothing could be better calculated to augment the already high percentage of mediocrities working in Unesco; nothing could better add to the disenchantment, low morale and terrible frustrations of the few good people there who would like to do decent work and remain faithful to once-noble ideals.

The clammy hands of the McCarthys already have embraced the U.N. and its specialised agencies and squeezed too much merit out of them. I was aghast, during my most recent visit to Unesco, to observe mature Secretariat members constantly looking over their shoulders whenever they were in conversation, as if I, or anyone else in the vicinity, might prove a member of somebody's Thought Control Police. I was aghast, that is, until a journalist friend, who had devoted an entire Sunday to trailing that lively vaudeville team, Cohn and Schine, around Paris, mentioned that he had followed them as far as the Unesco Annex building where the American delegation happens to have its headquarters.

Surely, our own representative on the Executive Board of Unesco, Sir Ronald Adam, might be expected to take a forthright stand on this witch-hunting, and before it is too late. Dr. Taylor told the Board that he would ask Unesco's General Conference in July whether it wants to amend the Staff Regulations so as to allow for the dismissal of officials whom someone thinks *likely* to engage in subversive activities. It would seem a propitious moment right now for Sir Ronald Adam or any members of the British delegation to the forthcoming Conference to tell us what they think of all this. For actually, a grain of common sense and a few traditional British concepts could return these pernicious American actions back to the closet of Nazi ideology where they best belong, and restore to Unesco Secretariat members some of their lost dignity and sense of dedicated purpose.

May I also pass on an impression received from my friends in the Unesco Secretariat? The battle there apparently is not going the United States' way completely. Thoroughly alert since the beginning, the organisation's Staff Association has been fighting a staunch war against the witch-hunters, without publicity but with many successes to date. If Unesco manages to remain a United Nations organisation, probably much of the credit will be due to this militant staff union. I only hope that our Government and our delegates will soon prove allies for these officials in their very creditable struggle.

Downing Road, Belfast. L. ROGER SMITHSON

## LABOUR'S TARGETS

SIR,—Your analysis of the rival methods for the achievement of the basic economic targets of the Labour Party justly supports Mr. Bevan's advocacy of a much tighter control of investment than that exerted by the 1945 Labour Government. But is there any reason to believe that this could be achieved simply by setting up a Government Investment Corporation to provide capital for new purposes and industries? However necessary this may be, it does not even touch the fringe of the vital problem of planning "an economy 80 per cent of which is not susceptible to detailed control".

In these words you have stated the permanent dilemma of a party with the philosophy and methods of the Labour Party; but I think you are overlooking the one existing mechanism of detailed control of the private sector of economy. The only practical way of planning in a mixed economy, without the proliferation of physical controls of doubtful efficiency, is the nationalisation of joint stock banking. This demand rightly formed part of Labour's pre-war programme of action and, if we are to believe Mr. Francis Williams, it was in conformity with Ernest Bevin's strong opposition to this measure that it formed no part of the policy of the 1945 Labour Government.

It is now clear that this was an omission of the first order, and one that must be rectified if large-scale planning in a country like Great Britain is ever to be successful. The control of long-term investment is, of course, an important strategic measure, but it is no substitute for directing the day-to-day activities of a mixed economy, in which the profit interests of private corporations are still paramount. The best, and perhaps the only effective, method of doing this is the intelligent regulation of the supply of credit which must be selective in order to achieve its purpose. The mechanism of the Bank Rate, and perhaps even the credit policy of the central bank, is far too inflexible for this end—and quite unsuitable for a government which rejects the principle that profitability is the test of social advantage.

The more the figures for the disastrous year 1951 are studied in detail, the plainer the main cause of the foreign exchange crisis becomes: the fall in


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Britain's foreign exchange reserves was caused by a huge stock speculation on the part of a large section of British trade and industry, which wanted to cash in on the post-Korean rise in commodity prices by increasing its inventories to the utmost. This may have been encouraged by the preceding "bonfire of controls" but it was only possible through the generous use of credit. The policy of exhortation, if policy it can be called, was quite unable to prevent this process, and its failure simply drives home the lesson that good intentions are no substitute for purposeful action.

The political risks of such action are, of course, formidable, and the resistance to a nationalisation of joint stock banking may well dwarf anything seen so far, just because it would represent an irreversible conquest of one of the main citadels of economic power. But it cannot be emphasised too strongly, and repeated too frequently, that the struggle of the Labour movement for the adoption of its principles is by its very nature a struggle for economic power, and any attempt to ignore this fundamental fact is bound to end sooner or later in defeat.

E. STRAUSS

## THE WAGES OF GOD

SIR,—The report of an inquest on an assistant Curate of the Church of England who committed suicide near Shrewsbury earlier this week states that he had "money worries". Is it not a national problem if any organization is keeping a body of people below the normal subsistence level? A great deal has been made of the fact that incumbents of the C. of E. are from this year to have a guaranteed income of £550 a year. But this announcement was made in such terms that the general public have been led to believe that *every clergyman* is guaranteed this minimum. In fact, assistant Curates are most of them on pre-war incomes and many of them are not even provided with houses. They take weddings and funerals, but every penny of fees goes to the incumbent of the parish in which they are taken. The only fair (and Christian) way to pay the Clergy would be a flat rate from the date of Ordination, advancing by certain increments every few years, irrespective of the actual job. Where additional pay were needed—if a clergyman were appointed to a town incumbency or to a bishopric—there would be an expense allowance in accordance with the job.

What is astonishing is that the Church authorities keep increasing the number of squalid little parishes, when the sensible thing would be to close more and more down. In Hounslow, for example, which I know well, there is one Roman Catholic Church, one Methodist, and eight belonging to the C. of E. within the borough boundaries. The normal Sunday congregation of the whole of these eight C. of E. parishes could be accommodated in any one of the four larger churches. Three churches would be ample for even the most extraordinary occasions. But the London diocesan authorities created a new parish (St. Mary the Virgin) only two years ago, and to do it increased the difficulties of one of the older established parishes. Bishops may not be so opulent as they were a hundred years ago, but there is still (if Christianity has any meaning) too great a difference between a bishop at £7,500 or even at £3,000 a year with a retiring pension of £800, and an assistant Curate on £300 a year on a retiring pension of £200.

Letterfrack, Co. Galway. AUSTIN LEE

## PSYCHOLOGY AND VIVISECTION

SIR,—I think it should be made clear that the psychological experiment to which Mr. Larkin refers in his letter published in your issue of May 2 was not performed in this country. The conditions under which the Home Office grants licences to research workers in psychology for experiments involving animals are extremely stringent and it is altogether out of the question that a licence could be obtained to undertake an experiment of the kind described. Quite apart from Home Office regulations, moreover, it is inconceivable that any Psychological Department in a British University would lend itself to the prosecution of so pointless a piece of research. In so far as this country is concerned, therefore, Mr. Larkin can rest assured that the "psychology research student" with his cellarful of decapitated rats is a bogy unlikely to perturb the ordinary person who cares about animal welfare. O. L. ZANGWILL

Cambridge.

## MARIA DUCE

SIR,—Miss Joy Rudd, in according me a feminine prefix, fell into a pardonable error, but when she asserts that "Maria Duce" is extinct, her mistake is not so easy to understand. Indeed, later in her letter she concedes that the group "has merely gone under." The facts are that the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin was concerned at the growth of Maria Duce, but the terms of his restrictions on the movement's activities have naturally not been made public. No Irish paper reported that he had intervened; an English Sunday paper had a brief report. Whether Maria Duce was ordered to discontinue its public propaganda or not, an evening visit to the movement's open-air pitch in O'Connell Street should disabuse Miss Rudd of the notion that Maria Duce is either dead or dormant.

Secondly, on the eligibility of Protestants for university scholarships provided from public funds, Miss Rudd would have done well to have read with more care the wording of the defeated Longford County Council motion, which was "that Trinity College should be included in the scholarship scheme for 1953, and that the scholarships should be available to students who are not Roman Catholics." There are several Councils which see fit to dispose of their scholarships as the Longford Council does. This thoroughly unjust discrimination is exercised without fear of protest from Miss Rudd's "healthy democratic public opinion"

Finally, Miss Rudd is scarcely being frank when she implies that the technical students supported Dr. Sheehy-Skeffington. It is just not correct to say that "hundreds, who had come to protest, had to be turned away from the inaugural meeting." Though some members of the Debating Society's Committee made use of the correspondence columns of the *Irish Times* to express disagreement with the ban on Dr. Sheehy-Skeffington, there was never any likelihood of an organised protest. I was present at the meeting, and saw no real evidence that the students were alive to the significance of the wrong done to a fearless and disinterested democrat.

Miss Rudd should not be deceived. The pressure-groups which "would like to govern secretly and against the wishes of the majority" do not have to fear the open, because the majority has been well-exercised in submissiveness. At the present moment, the biggest pressure-group of all is for the second time in three years busily engaged in frustrating the Government's attempt to provide extended health benefits which are sorely needed by the lower income groups.

FLORENCE O'DONOGHUE

## THE LIVING ROOM

SIR,—Mr. T. C. Worsley, writing of Mr. Graham Greene's first play, *The Living Room*, says: "I'm not at all sure what it is meant to be about." Would it be helpful if a common-or-garden playgoer were to point out to your critic that the play's theme is the author's favourite theme, betrayal, and that the play is a reiteration of Mr. Greene's belief that all human relationships are doomed to failure and only with God, if the simplicity and faith of childhood are regained, can a wholly satisfactory relationship be formed?

In this, his first, play Mr. Greene has much to say and just misses saying it successfully. In *The Deep Blue Sea* Mr. Terence Rattigan has little to say, but knows exactly how to say that little effectively. It augurs ill for the future of English drama if critics of Mr. Worsley's standing are to condemn the former as a failure and to acclaim the latter as an achievement.

JOAN HOWKINS

## MILLIONS WITHOUT WORDS

SIR,—Mervyn Jones presents the problem of "Millions Without Words" carefully and without drawing any of the fatal over-riding conclusions. He seems to me, however, to assume too readily that illiteracy is made or defeated—whether by home or school—in the years of schooling, and that an illiterate of twenty is such because he was illiterate when he left school.

Few children leave school—the schools I have known, at any rate—illiterate. Most of those from the lower streams start their working lives as semi- or near-illiterate. When the age for conscription is reached, however, many of the boys are found to be illiterate, or nearly so. From eleven to fifteen, they have been the object of continuous pressure, persuasion, bulldozing and encouragement in school so that they may read; with the cessation of this pressure at fifteen, they slip precipitately from whatever vantage point was reached.

I believe that this is the case with a great number of illiterate young adults. While I see no ready-made remedy for it, I find this aspect of the problem is insufficiently known among those who, confronted with illiterates, ask: "What did they do at school?"

ROBERT BARLTROP


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# Books in General

THE lasting work of Gorky is to be found in the three volumes of autobiography* which he wrote between 1913 and 1924 and in the famous portraits of Tolstoy and Andreyev. Most foreign readers have been appalled by the scenes of squalor and gloom which Gorky set down from his life. The opening pages of *Childhood* are characteristic: Gorky's young and merry father lies dead in the room, the grandmother and the pregnant wife are lamenting, the police are at the door to hurry the funeral, and grief suddenly brings on the wretched mother's labour pains. The child has a terrifying vision of death and birth and there is the inevitable Russian touch of farce: frogs jump on top of the father's coffin as it is lowered into the muddy grave and are buried there. We foresee that Gorky's mother is one of those austere, sensitive, fine women doomed to be destroyed by the brutality and hopelessness of life; and so it turns out, when she takes the child to her father's house. Grandpa has a small dyeworks and is a man of substance. But he has an uncontrollable temper; in his sadistic bouts and partly on pious principle, he beats up the women and children of his family and also his employees. He is surrounded by drunken, quarrelling, vindictive and covetous relatives all whining for his money. Uncle Mike crowns everything by setting the family dyeworks on fire and, in general, one can only say that the cruelty of Nature and the viciousness of the social system are outmatched by the natural animal malice of one human being to another in this book. There *are* scattered moments of goodness and quiet, but the general gloom is relieved by one figure alone: Gorky's grandmother. This captivating old lady is the soul of love and pagan sweetness and a story-teller of genius; there is a strange mixture of mysticism, poetry and stoicism in her nature, and she seems to be a throwback to some earlier, Arcadian phase of the Russian folk. It is because of her influence, as we read on, that our disgust declines. We find we are being seduced by the expressiveness of all Gorky's people, by their self-abandon and by what, later on, Gorky is to call their capacity for turning their sorrows into carnival. Fatalism does not always degrade: it often enlarges and we ourselves catch the elation as we read.

Gorky does not snarl; he neither maunders nor does he coarsely glut a secret appetite. He is totally free of that hysterical connivance which we get from Zola; he is never prolonging a private orgy. He is not a sensationalist wallowing in the sins of society; nor is he a smug social realist congratulating himself, like some Victorian reformer, that he at any rate has the right social and political views. We are elated because in these books Gorky has the heroic eye, a sort of giant-creating eye; because he has the strongest compassion, and practises an almost saintly exclusion of himself from his own life. What matters to him is the strange spectacle of humanity. The boy grows, but the world grows too; everything is in physical movement. Gorky has a memory, we say, that allows the world to have existed to the full, without first having to ask a tacit moral or intellectual permission from himself. He has his standards, of course, he has his fastidiousness and there *is* a judgment, but none of these distorts his emotions or robs his extraordinary eye of its pity and its liberty.

Some critics have pointed out that Gorky's realism is a revolt against the puritanism of earlier Russian writers; if this is so, we notice that it takes a puritan to revolt, though many puritans relapse instead and go to seed. Gorky retains the puritan core, the puritan energy and tenacity; he is moved by what he mixes in with—the orgy at Petrovsky's in *My Universities*, for example—he is marked by it, yet he retains his integrity and he is not corrupted. An interesting reflection on his pessimism is made by Mirsky in his *History of Russian Literature*.

> Gorky (he says) is not a pessimist and if he is, his pessimism has nothing to do with his representation of Russian life, but rather with the chaotic state of his philosophical views, which he has never succeeded in making serve his optimism, in spite of all his efforts in that direction. As it is Gorky's autobiographical series represents the world as ugly but not unrelieved—the redeeming points which may and must save humanity, are enlightenment, beauty and sympathy.

This is the optimism native to all artists which is always more important than what they *think* they believe and is frequently at complete variance with it. In the course of his sometimes portentous self-education, Gorky was never able to tame his extraordinary eye. It remained autonomous and unweakened, a kind of person in itself like one of those boys that lead the blind. Indeed that is how Gorky often seems to us: a powerful, blind man being led by a voracious, all-seeing child.

To an astonishing extent all Russian literature is led blindly on by the inconsequence of the eye. Russian fantasy, the effect of the naive and childish, the sudden dislocations which make the Russian novel so loose and life-like, above all the sense of the grotesque, owe everything to it. To some extent this use of the eye—and also the habit of describing violently contradictory feelings almost in the same breath—have stereotyped Russian literature for the foreign reader who is, perforce, unable to see differences of style. But one has only to compare Tolstoy's superb use of the eye with Gorky's to see there *are* differences and that this is not a national manner alone. Tolstoy watches life unblinkingly, like some subtle, impartial animal whose many faceted lenses reflect all without effort. He lies still and natural life is imprinted on him line by line. Gorky, on the other hand, is like a hundred-eyed man who goes aggressively into life catching detail at every blink and who amazes us by forgetting nothing. Where he looks something is always happening. If a foolish soldier has turned to face his tormentors, Gorky sees him tuck his shirt in; if half a dozen chickens are being chased on a boat, he will see three fly overboard; he will remember how many times his grandmother told him to get from under her feet, when the dyeworks caught fire, and afterwards see her blow on her scorched fingers as she talks; he will remember thousands of faces and gestures, every change of mood, every word spoken in his grandpa's tormented family, in the shops, ships and sheds where he worked, or on the roads where he tramped. The seeing and hearing are consuming. If the whole is invented memory, it is invented down to the most casual acts and finest shades and in a manner seemingly effortless. As far as I can define it the art seems to lie in combining contrasting things; in his accounts of people he first describes their appearance or their life from the outside and then catches something unexpected which reveals a part of the inner life that is bubbling away inside them. This is what human beings look like (he seems to say)—violent, vindictive, malicious, foolish, innocent, unfortunate, rascally or good—but what is on their minds all day, how do they get through the hours? So much fighting, scheming, quarrelling, hoping, suffering—but what is deposited by it all for their empty moments, what is their particular form of the human bewilderment? So, for example, when the boy is left with the temper of his uncontrollable grandfather:

> I lost all interest in grandpa's talk which grew duller, more nagging, more self-pitying, day by day. It had practically become a habit with him to quarrel with grandma and forbid her the house, and then she stayed at Uncle Mike's or Uncle Jake's. Once she was away for a number of days and grandpa cooked for us. He burned his fingers, yelled, cursed, smashed dishes; and he became noticeably gluttonous. Coming to my little hut, now and then, he would take his ease on my turf bench and, after watching me for a time would suddenly ask: "Why so quiet?"
>
> "Because I prefer it. Why?"
>
> And that would precipitate a lecture. "We're not upper crust. No one bothers about our education. We have to learn by ourselves. For them books are written and schools are built; but no time is thrown away on us. We have to get along by ourselves." And he lapsed into a preoccupied silence; he made me feel uncomfortable and tense, as he sat there inert and oblivious.

The next moment the pious, diddling old savage is turning his old wife out of the house, saying that he has fed her long enough. But whereas a pitiless satirist like Shchedrin portrayed such a man in the storming and whining hypocrite Iudushka, Gorky sees people as victims of forces they do not understand and not as wicked souls in themselves. Grandpa is horrible, but he is also absurd, touching and not without a queer, half-frightened dignity.

Gorky's judgments are instinctive, not intellectual. He is torn between compassion and an aggressive resentment, himself as contradictory as the characters he draws. As he reflects upon the murderous quarrels in the home where he was brought up, he says

> In time I came to understand that out of the misery and murk of their lives the Russian people had learned to make sorrow a diversion, to play with it like a child's toy; seldom are they diffident about showing their unhappiness. And so through the tedious weekdays, they make a carnival of grief; a fire is entertainment, and on a vacant face a bruise becomes an adornment.

A carnival, these three volumes of autobiography are, a carnival that wanders all over the Russia that existed before the beginning of this

* *Autobiography: My Childhood. In the World. My Universities.* By MAXIM GORKY. A new translation by ISIDOR SCHNEIDER. *Elek.* 25s.

century, steadied here and there by one or two serious people of goodwill and illuminated by the gracious old figure of the grandmother, the pagan saint and story-teller. This old woman is beaten from time to time, like everyone else in the book, but she takes that with a guileless and humble laugh, goes on with her stories and her simple pantheism. She has the civilisation and humanity of a poet. What Gorky understood as an artist he must have learned from her. She chanted her tales:

> When she had finished I begged for another, and this is an example of what I got. "Now an old goblin lives in the stove. Once he ran a splinter into his paw. As he rocked back and forth with the pain, he whined 'I can't bear it, little mice, it hurts so much.'"
>
> And she lifted her own foot in her hands and rocked it comically, screwing up her face as if she actually felt the pain.
>
> The bearded, good-natured sailors would listen, too, and applauding the stories would urge: "Give us another, grandma." And in reward they would invite us to supper with them. There they plied her with vodka and me with watermelon. This was done in secret, for there was a man patrolling the boat, dressed like an official, who forbade the eating of fruit, confiscating whatever he found and throwing it overboard. Everybody kept out of the way of this man who, besides, was perpetually drunk.

The story and Gorky's epilogue have the same turn of inconsequence, the same immediate candour and acceptance of life.

Gorky is a writer strong as cheese and raw as onion. It is strange to think of him reading Fielding and praising the trim English as the originators and masters of realism, for his vision is heroic. He had a primitive directness of apprehension, a sensibility unspoiled by civilisation. That he was idolised by the people was just; like them he was growing; like them he drew his imaginative forces from the past. He was really a life rather than a novelist, a learned and circumspect vagrant who became, for one period, as Mirsky says, the only alternative government in Russia. What he lived and saw, not what he constructed, contained his importance. Often intellectually indigestible as a writer he is always imaginatively compelling, a blind, moving force. The autobiographical books and the portraits of Chekov and Tolstoy, are lasting works, and, in his new translation, Mr. Schneider has brought us closer to them. The modern Americanisms—"dope" is a favourite one—are not out of place in Gorky as they would be in Tolstoy's or Aksakov's accounts of *their* childhood; for Gorky's Russia was the great Asiatic melting pot boiling over.

V. S. PRITCHETT

## THE LOW-DOUN

Gin fowk shud look asklent at, Muse,
yir uisin sic low tykes as me
tae get a poem, when ye refuse
tae favour misters A an B,
an pint oot hoo ye staund tae lose,
yir irresponsibeelitie,
lik God's mistrustin Christ tae Jews
tae botch an maul an crucifie. . . .

tell them it's juist because ye choose
tae mind us aa that ye are free
frae ilka rule we'd bind on ye
bi larnit tomes an smairt reviews . . .
that poetry's aye a mysterie,
an you nae man's convenience, Muse.

TOM SCOTT

## THE LAND, THE LAND!

**Prophecy of Famine.** By H. J. MASSINGHAM and EDWARD HYAMS. *Thames & Hudson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

**Our Undeveloped World.** By L. DUDLEY STAMP. *Faber.* 18*s.*

**The Power and the Valley.** By HENRY BILLINGS. *Hart-Davis.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

"Thar is enuf advice in this world," said Josh Billings, the American philosopher, "to run 3 planets of the same dimenshuns." Mr. Henry Billings, who has, alas, reverted to more conventional spelling than that of his great ancestor, describes here, simply and straightforwardly, the Tennessee Valley experiment, one of the occasions when some of this advice was acted upon. And what a relief it is! The endless cataract of books sticky with false sentiment, or ringing with denigratory abuse of everything that has happened in the world, and more particularly in agriculture, since the Middle Ages, is sometimes enough to make one wish that their authors should be transported back on some convenient Time Machine to the days of the undrained fields, the paltry yields, the periodic famines, the mountainous infant mortality and adult sickness—and left there.

Dudley Stamp, in *Our Undeveloped World*, covers mineral development as well as agricultural. His careful presentation of facts, old and new, is a model of editorship. He reproduces in graph form the most illuminating estimates of world population, sketched out recently by Julian Huxley. These rise from a figure of some 10 million souls, in 8000 B.C., through some 70 millions at the time, say, of the Trojan Wars, to 500 millions about the year A.D. 1000, and to about 2,300,000,000 today. Under the circumstances, to speak of our undeveloped world is one way of putting it; but only one way. It is clear that quite a lot of development must already have taken place; and indeed, in a million places between the Poles and the Equator, it has taken place.

Against this background, one opens with much interest any book under the joint authorship of H. J. Massingham and Edward Hyams, particularly under the challenging title *Prophecy of Famine*. The book suffers, however, from the fact that Mr. Hyams, in the last two chapters, has sought to put forward, as his remedy for the woes of mankind, the nationalisation of the land—a solution so contrary to everything in which Massingham believed, that Mrs. Massingham has of necessity had to add a Preface specifically disowning such a proposal as being, in any way, any part of her husband's views. The book has, in fact, been deprived of the advantages of Massingham's final consideration and review. A book whose main constructive proposal is rejected in its preface has to justify itself rather by its examination than by its remedies. From this aspect *Prophecy of Famine* is well worth consideration. Its main thesis is the now familiar argument that increasing world populations will inevitably consume more of their own foodstuffs, and that the resultant turn of the terms of trade against us will require a higher and higher extraction of food from our own soil. Many most interesting figures are given to illustrate this point—notably a food balance-sheet for this country, with about a 50 per cent. deficit.

Any thesis, however, can be ruined by overstatement. When Mr. Hyams says, for instance, in Chapter I, that "every time an Englishman eats rice he is helping to starve an Indian from whom English medical science has withdrawn the blessed mercy of death", he is saying something so strikingly silly as to bias his readers against the rest of his arguments. It is certainly possible to withhold medical science from the populations of the East; but whether that would be regarded as conferring a blessed mercy upon them, in the shape of death, I venture to doubt. I should like to hear Mao Tse-tung upon the subject. Even the casual remark, about eggs, that we could be well on the way towards being self-supporting in 1953 if all the eggs were to reach the legal market "but the price will be high", or the incidental jab at Lord Woolton, smacks more of propaganda than prophecy. Similarly, the suggestion that our consumption of liquid milk should be almost halved, and the remainder processed into "butter, cheese and pork—or bacon" will not stand examination. It is simply not true to say that adults, or—as Mr. Hyams also contends, in an ecstasy of exaggeration—"most children," dislike milk. What does Mr. Hyams eat with his porridge? Butter, I suppose—or cheese—or pork? To contend that all the really nutritious part of the milk should be given to pigs, and only an extracted fraction retained for human use—for a man dies almost as quickly on straight butter as on nothing—comes strangely from one who inveighs with such intense bitterness against any interference with the grinding-up of whole wheat.

And when it comes to telling the industrial workers that they are to work in factories 1,000ft. tall, or, alternatively—and this is seriously set forth—that they are to work in factories 1,000ft. deep, to avoid encroachment on the agriculturists' use of the soil, it is clear that one of the great attributes of country-side life, and working with nature, has deserted the writer entirely. That is to say, sanity, and good neighbourliness towards his fellow-men. These things blind one to much good and useful argument—the criticism of the policy of the Forestry Commission, for example, or the argument for the Return of the Peasant.

We have to consider again, and yet again, the time-scale referred to at the commencement of this article. The beginnings of organised agriculture do not go back beyond 10,000 years. The contention that the agricultural way of life is an indispensable part of the human soul, is not valid. It is one of the achievements of mankind, only half as old as art—the use of painting—only an eighth as old as science—the use of fire. It is a device almost as recent as the telephone, compared with the vast sweep of the duration of *homo sapiens*. What mankind has done during most of its existence is to kill. Man is a hunter. He is pretty good at that. That is what he really enjoys. Hard work—above all, hard regular work—and this is the kernel of organised agriculture, of which the Industrial Revolution is merely an extension—is a very modern conception. It is by no means certain that it will be permanent. Mankind has a wonderful deal to learn about this latest device of his; and a kind of screeching worship is a very poor approach.

There is a great deal to be done yet in careful examination of the facts, examinations such as that of Professor Stamp. There is even more to be done in patient and humble experiment, such as that now in progress in the Tennessee Valley. But hatred, malice, uncharitableness—and pride—are of the seven deadly sins. No one ever got anywhere, except to Hell, following these.

WALTER ELLIOT

## THE WINDSOR LAD

**Call Back Yesterday.** By HUGH DALTON. *Muller.* 21*s.*

Judged purely on their own literary craftsmanship, Dalton's Memoirs do not, in spite of their author's charm, quite come off. And that is a pity. For he proves, as his friends would expect, a first-class diarist—inquisitive, indiscreet, malicious; yet at the same time shrewd, robust and manly. But he is unlucky in being born just too late for the vogue in multi-volume biography. His mistake is that, in this his first volume of two or three, he does not quite succeed in establishing the literary importance of the character he so vividly and volubly autobiographises. We see the young Dalton gradually developing into a rounded and real figure; but the book never shows convincingly why it should be necessary to follow in such proliferation of word and detail the fortunes of one whose claim on our interest arises, as far as this volume is concerned, from his appointment to junior office in the 1929 Government. We, the readers, are of course in the know: we start with the knowledge of the last (unwritten) chapter.

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We dodge out of the book to anticipate a famous future. But *Call Back Yesterday* stops short before any of it happens; and isolated between its covers, we see only a somewhat over-serious, over-rhetorical and over-documented young man who became an Under-Secretary. Even when writing about oneself, an artistic unity and purpose is necessary if the interest of the indifferent reader is to be held. But Dalton (the author, not the man) is a shade undiscriminating; and those sections where the extraneous interest is not guaranteed—the author's experiences during the first World War for instance and the earliest days of his political career—will remain of greater interest to Mr. Dalton than to most of his readers.

This much criticism of the book as a piece of literature must be made. As a treasure-house of political history, however, it is rich indeed. The account of the life and death of the 1929-31 Government is perhaps the fullest, shrewdest, and most accurate yet published. Dalton has taken great trouble to check his facts; and, where he differs from other historians, it seems likely that his sources are to be preferred and that his account will be accepted as definitive. Dalton's account of this period is also a classic study of the relations which can exist, but should not, between a Labour Government and its Civil Service—the paralysis of inaction which falls on men who lack the confidence to dominate their advisers. That Government fell mainly through sheer timidity and lack of financial expertise. "No one ever told *us* we could do that," said Sidney Webb when the National Government went off the Gold Standard. That the Labour Party will never again be without the degree of "ruling-class" confidence which is essential in government, is due as much to Hugh Dalton as to anyone else in its history.

In spite of all this, many readers will find the self-portrait of even greater interest than the history. Dalton succeeds without conceit, and, even more, without false modesty, in portraying himself with surprising accuracy as his friends know him to be. And how different that is from the caricatures of his political enemies. For a politician he is exceptionally gifted. He would almost certainly have gone near to the top in any calling he was likely to choose. Of how many of his colleagues on the two Front Benches of the Commons can one say that they are fit for anything but their own esoteric pantomime?

Dalton also reveals, perhaps unconsciously and certainly unselfconsciously, his weakness as a political force. He has no real political philosophy. He went into active politics of the Left as a reaction from Windsor and the 1914-18 War; and being both a fighter and a romantic, he identified himself wholly and uncritically with his adopted class. He became *plus travailliste* than the real thing. But, though he hates the waste and cruelty of capitalist society, he offers no coherent picture of what he would like to substitute for it. His great talents are dedicated to the political service of British trade unionism; and this dedication, romantic in origin, makes him the arch-pragmatist of his Party. You choose your Party (so runs a fair rationalisation); you back it up through thick and thin; you fight its battle for power; and when you have won you do the best you can to confound your enemies and reward your allies. There are many less reputable points of view than this in the Labour movement (Dalton is unmistakably on the workers' side); but it doesn't amount to a philosophy and it does mean that even the wide circle of Dalton's friends—and few men have the capacity to inspire stronger affections—have learned to look elsewhere for philosophic guidance.

JOHN FREEMAN


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## INTERPRETING COLERIDGE

**Coleridge. The Clark Lectures, 1951-52.** By HUMPHRY HOUSE. *Hart-Davis.* 8s. 6d.

"Never saw I his likeness," said Lamb after Coleridge's death, "nor probably the world can see again." What was Coleridge like? Why is his work so elusive? Why has there been no book to bring us into his presence and show how his work may fruitfully be read? Evidently the task is a formidable one. Except for James Dykes Campbell's *Narrative* (1894) and Miss Kathleen Coburn's *Inquiring Spirit* (1951), there has been little enough to bring to life the man who was capable of doing, saying, and writing what Coleridge did. The informed view of him has been bedevilled by partial interpretations, grudging admiration, and smouldering anger: not because he is a secondary figure but because he is a giant. Admittedly many of the materials needed to study him are hard to come by. But the central difficulty is of quite another kind: it is a question of critical integrity. His intellectual scope is that of the Renaissance polymath, his emotional life is complex, his most valuable experience solitary; and the singleness of his work resists all attempts to master or expound it piecemeal.

Mr. House has undertaken to provide in small compass a guide through these difficulties. The "portentous task" of "putting Humpty-Dumpty together again" presents three facets: the need for an initial adjustment of sympathy, a fuller criticism of the prose, and the continuing work of editing and reinterpreting Coleridge's scattered works. The first of these requirements is crucial: without it the others cannot proceed. If Coleridge is to be taken "whole" he stretches affection and understanding to their outermost limits. He has given us some profound and perfect poems, and others not of the first order; he commands a fertile critical insight, and a philosophical mind of no contemptible range. But there is the opium too, the self-pity, the indolence, the broken promises, the humiliations; and also the self-knowledge, the restless vision, the unflinching introspection. And we need to embrace them all; for the erudition and philosophising can no more be detached from his physical and emotional fortunes than his poems can. Without affection, the understanding becomes wrong-headed: without deep understanding, the affection runs off into acid impatience or sentimental condescension.

Mr. House's approach is very Coleridgean—a job of elucidation and jungle clearance. From the prefatory note to *The Wanderings of Cain* and some vivid Notebook entries he draws out a principle which is to guide the whole inquiry: Coleridge's perceptual experience was peculiarly delicate and strong, and this "quivering alertness to every stimulus of sense was the ground of his strengths and of his weaknesses." His sensory vitality terminates, not so much in accurate description, as in unified diversity: strength of impression, not "Beauty," is his starting-point. From *Frost at Midnight* and the Notebooks emerges a characteristic way he had of symbolising his feeling: his mind projects outward upon the physical detail, then contracts on itself "so that the context is back-coloured by the prevailing emotion." To grasp his work—even the prose—requires then the innocent eye, and an attentive ear to catch the rhythm of vitality, the groundswell of a profound theme, the stride and surge that come into poetry when deep feeling is accurately rendered. This seems to accord with Coleridge the man. A West Country man, child prodigy and scholarship man, with great physical energy (until illness broke him), and an incorruptible Devon speech, he was more like an Elizabethan than a nineteenth-century aesthete or a twentieth-century intellectual. At his poetic best he was a rhapsodic bard, an ardent and sensitive craftsman; his worst enemies were the cleverness that could make him a virtuoso at will, and the ebullient overcrowding of his thought and imagination.

Through Coleridge's poetry Mr. House traces two strains not clearly discriminated before: a Miltonic political manner, and an intimate manner that owes its supple informality to Cowper but far surpasses him in sustained intensity. These two converge—the second predominant—upon the unaccountable achievement of four great poems. *The Ancient Mariner* reveals a double theme—the sin of ignorance and the positive operation of order and joy; this is steadily unfolded by the resonance between physical detail and spiritual states. Mr. House however defers from Mr. Warren's notion that the poem also symbolises the "ways of the imagination" and (without acrimony) is sceptical of attempts to establish a system of symbol-equations. *Kubla Khan* he takes to be a unified poem imaging the triumphant ecstasy (not failure) of imagination; *Christabel* was intended to express a theme of martyrdom, its intricate versification serving as "Rime's vexation" to constrain Coleridge from poetising; *Dejection* is "not primarily about modes of perception, but about unhappiness and about love and about joy." (Mr. House prints the first version of *Dejection* in an Appendix, but unfortunately from the De Selincourt transcript which departs from the MS in many physical details.) Finally Mr. House shows how Coleridge, moving away from Hartley's notion of the passive mind, firmly rooted his critical theory in his own experience as a poet and a man.

Mr. House's book is a small one; at any point it could have taken wings and sustained its flight for much longer. He handles the complex materials with urbane assurance; his comments upon other scholars, while at times agreeably astringent, are always fair. A most valuable feature of the book is that it prints some remarkable unpublished selections from the Notebooks. Mr. House says he approaches the interpretation of Coleridge "very tentatively." In a task of such magnitude and delicacy, it is virtually impossible to strike a just balance between detailed exposition and general formulation; yet this book is altogether firm and clear. There can be little doubt that he has plotted out a route that will in future have to be retraced with care.

GEORGE WHALLEY

## BOLSHEVIK REALISM

**The Bolshevik Revolution 1917-1923. Vol. III.** By E. H. CARR. *Macmillan.* 36*s.*

With this third volume, Mr. Carr completes his history of the early years of Bolshevik rule in Russia. It is a remarkable achievement—exhaustive in its scholarship, brilliant in exposition. No more important work of contemporary history has been written in our time. Its theme can be stated in a few words. The Bolsheviks were doctrinaire idealists, seeking to apply the principles of Karl Marx. They seized power in 1917 and soon discovered that their theories did not fit in with the march of practical events. Though they did not discard the theories, they adjusted them to reality; and by 1923 were living in two worlds—one of Marxist ideology, the other of workaday statesmanship. No theme could be better suited to Mr. Carr, who has always tried to teach the contrast between abstraction and reality.

His first volume dealt with the politics of Bolshevism: how the advocates of extreme democracy set up first a dictatorship of the proletariat, then of themselves. His second dealt similarly with economics—the transformation of airy Socialism into the New Economic Policy. His third, and most exciting, is devoted to Soviet relations with the rest of the world. In 1917 the Bolshevik leaders expected universal revolution; they did not believe that their own revolution could survive without it. When this universal revolution did not appear at once, they made temporary bargains with the "imperialist" Powers, but solely with the object of buying time. First they made the peace of Brest-Litovsk with the Germans; then they tried to negotiate with the victorious Entente; and when this failed, they swung back to Germany in the Treaty of Rapallo. They had gone back from revolution to the Balance of Power, without appreciating what they were doing. This was certainly the impact of reality with a vengeance.

But in these first years they did not abandon revolution; at most they accepted its postponement. While they carried on orthodox diplomacy, they also founded the Communist International; and this was certainly intended at first to promote revolution within a very short time. By 1921 this hope, too, was receding; and the problem appeared which has troubled Communism ever since. Did Soviet Russia exist in order to further world revolution? Or did the Communist International exist in order to strengthen Soviet Russia? The Bolshevik leaders always denied that there was any contradiction; but it was plain to everyone else. There was another problem. The Bolsheviks were ready to work with other governments in trade and even in foreign policy, since they could not overthrow them. Soon they even proposed to work with non-revolutionary Socialists in order to defend the interests of the working-class. But this alliance, whether of governments or of parties, was always intended to ruin the other partner. The Bolsheviks insisted on their freedom to conduct revolutionary propaganda and to abuse the reformists. Lenin said of the United Front: "We shall support Henderson as a rope supports the man who is hanged." Though this was an attempt to compromise with reality, it was hardly realistic.

There was a further shift in Bolshevik outlook. They were in origin a European party, founded on European doctrine and hardly looking beyond the confines of European Russia. To their surprise, the peoples of Europe failed them; the peoples of Asia turned to them. Even Comintern hardly acknowledged the existence of Asia; and the first Asiatic conference at Baku was only concerned with the Caucasus and the Middle East. Turkey seemed more important than China. When they turned to the Far East, they counted at first on industrialised Japan. Instead, they discovered the colonial struggle; and Mr. Carr's book ends rightly with Borodin's mission as political adviser to Chiang Kai-shek. Here, too, it was reality, not vision, which gave the Bolsheviks a policy.

Though the general principles of this development are not new, the process has never been examined before in such detail or with such clarity. Henceforth no one can claim to understand Bolshevism without studying Mr. Carr's great book. But there is in it a grave flaw of presentation. The essence of the book is the contrast between theory and practice, between the ideal and reality. Yet hardly anything is said of the theories from which Lenin and his fellows started; and the omission gets more flagrant with each volume. In the first volume, Bolshevik theory received seventy pages out of four hundred; in the second some twenty pages out of four hundred. In this volume, the theories are brusquely relegated to appendices. The Marxist attitude to war gets sixteen pages; the pre-history of Comintern four. Mr. Carr has always been impatient with idealists, always anxious to get on to the process of how men make their peace with the real world. Now he waves the Bolshevik theories aside as so much tiresome baggage, which embarrassed Lenin and the rest, when they came to rule a great state. This may suit British empiricism. We expect our statesmen to jettison their principles when they get into office. But does it make sense for the Bolsheviks? Was the conflict between ideal and reality any less for them in 1923? Indeed, is it any less for them even at the present day?

Mr. Carr's book suggests throughout, perhaps unconsciously, that the Bolsheviks are more sensible than they used to be. He regards it as sensible to shake off your ideals and to look at the world as it really is. He may well be right. But this is not what happened to the Bolsheviks. Experience taught them that their theories did not yet work. They did not abandon these theories; they decided to bide their time. The world revolution did not take place. Therefore they made temporary bargains with the rest of the world and, meanwhile, looked forward to a more favourable moment. They did not give up the world revolution. They went on expecting it, though in a more distant future than they had originally supposed. They are still waiting for it. This remains the essence of Bolshevism, a view shared by every Communist from the members of the Politburo to the Red Soldier in Korea and the Communist trade unionist in Great Britain. Bolshevism and world-revolution remain indissolubly linked. Reality could not separate them in the first six years; and it has not parted them yet. The world would be an easier place if the Soviet rulers were as realistic and hard-headed as Mr. Carr. In fact, they are still the obstinate adherents of the theories to which he has given such slighting attention.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

## MARRYAT, R.N.

**Captain Marryat: A Rediscovery.** By OLIVER WARNER. *Constable.* 20*s.*

Although it may be doubted whether Captain Marryat is so thoroughly forgotten as a writer as to merit "rediscovery" or whether it is for his children's books alone that he is now widely remembered, Mr. Warner has certainly written a fascinating life of a remarkable man. Marryat was born in 1792 and died in 1858: his only biography to date was published by his daughter, Florence Marryat, in 1872. He himself was strongly opposed to any life being written and he had destroyed a great deal of relevant material. His daughter's two small volumes, though full of interesting matter, are marred by Victorian delicacy, and although Mr. Warner has obviously ransacked every possible source, he has not succeeded in identifying many of the characters who are irritatingly referred to by the initials of their surnames and nothing more. However, following a hint of Mr. Walter Dexter's, he has made an important discovery. Marryat's wife, whom he married in 1819 and who bore him at least nine children, went out of his life in 1840. No word of disloyalty to her occurs in any of his published letters or articles, and at his death he left her his best-known portrait, which is now in the National

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Portrait Gallery, so that they cannot have been on desperately bad terms, but the reasons for which he left her, have never been quite clear. Mr. Warner convincingly argues that the unnamed friend of Dickens, referred to in a letter to Forster of 1846, was Marryat himself. The incident alluded to took place on a visit to Vevey by the Marryats ten years before.

> Poor fellow! He seems to have had a hard time of it with his wife. She had no interest whatever in her children, and was such a fury, that, being dressed to go out to dinner, she would sometimes, on no other provocation than a pin out of place or some such thing, fall upon a little maid she had, beat her till she couldn't stand, then tumble into hysterics, and be carried to bed. He suffered martyrdom with her; and seems to have been himself, in all good-natured, easy-going ways, just what we know him now.

This passage suggests that a man who in Mr. Warner's words "could be careless, quarrelsome, reckless, wrong-headed but rarely dull" may well be excused for cutting himself adrift from an unattractive spouse, especially in view of his devotion to his own and, indeed, to all children. Forster wrote a charming epitaph on him: "Our attached friend had a frantic delight in dancing, especially with children, of whom and of whose enjoyments he was as fond as it became so thoroughly good-hearted a man to be."

The details of Marryat's adventurous life, so far as they are known, are admirably set forth in Mr. Warner's book, and it is devoutly to be hoped that those of his readers who are unfamiliar with the charms of *Mr. Midshipman Easy* and *Peter Simple* will hasten to read those volumes and the other novels written for adults by the same author.

WILLIAM KING

## BUILDING UP AND KNOCKING DOWN

**English Architecture Since the Regency.** By H. S. GOODHART-RENDEL. *Constable.* 25s.

**Goths and Vandals.** By MARTIN S. BRIGGS. *Constable.* 30s.

To Mr. H. S. Goodhart-Rendel, the meaning of architecture is unambiguous. It is never the same as engineering. It is a game played with material provided by the engineer, a game with certain conspicuous hazards—the most important being structural firmness and convenience in use; and it is a game in which the goal is aesthetic unity. The appeal of good architecture lies in the way this unity is evolved from the play against the hazards. Bad or uninteresting architecture comes when the hazards have not been challenged or when they have been crudely overridden; the result may then be engineering or it may be "picturesque," but it is not architecture. Now this conception might be supposed to be sufficiently general for acceptance by any and every school of thought. So perhaps it is; but there are few schools of thought, old or new, which would not insist on, or at least imply, further restrictions and qualifications. The point of Mr. Goodhart-Rendel's attitude (if, as I hope, I am interpreting him aright) is that he makes none. If an architect of the nineteenth century likes to build in thirteenth-century French Gothic or if an architect of the twentieth likes to have a special language of cubes of concrete, planes of glass, it is all one—provided the game is properly played. But once an architect seems to be pretending that architecture and engineering are the same thing, Mr. Goodhart-Rendel has very little use for him. He may produce workable and tolerably pleasant objects but he is not making *architecture*. Thus, of Le Corbusier Mr. Goodhart-Rendel writes, with shattering tolerance:

> The agreeable appearance of some of his constructions may be a reminder, salutary to many, that architecture is no more necessary in everything that is built than melodious structure in every sentence that is spoken. A house need be no more aesthetically significant than a motor-car; mere utility can fully justify the one as well as the other. Whether this is, or will ever be considered to be, a fair appreciation of Le Corbusier, is doubtful. To most of us today it is of the essence of his performance that he does play the old game with the old hazards, the only difference being that he has brought uncommon perception to the nature of those hazards. It should be added, perhaps, that his curious preference for playing the game upside-down makes him seem a much more outrageous innovator than he is.

Mr. Goodhart-Rendel may have a blind spot or two, but in general his attitude to architecture is catholic. He has long been famous as the only man who really knows what Victorian architecture is about; the only man, in fact, to whom the blind spot is unknown when it comes to such architects as Waterhouse and Collcutt and such buildings as the Manchester Town Hall and the Imperial Institute. On these, as on Pugin and Butterfield, on Norman Shaw and the *bric-à-brac* men, he is entertaining and also much in earnest, and without labouring the merits of his subjects he contrives to enforce the lesson that the architects of nineteenth-century England were neither more nor less stupid than those who preceded or succeeded them. By thus peopling the awful void of the later nineteenth century with adequately intelligent and sensitive architects he goes some way to deflating what, I fancy, he most despises about contemporary architectural thought—the notion of the New Beginning and the puritan dread of eclecticism.

The book is really a course of lectures delivered at Oxford as long ago as 1934. It is not the grand, authoritative work on Victorian and Edwardian architecture which only Mr. Goodhart-Rendel could write and which one would still like to think that he is writing. Indeed, the student of nineteenth-century history will find here no more than an elegant outline, a sprinkling of allusions to obscure architects and buildings whose importance he had, perhaps, not suspected and a certain amount of criticism epigrammatically expressed with a fastidious regard to the musical continuity of the perfect, the not too exacting, lecture.

Mr. Briggs's book brings us again face to face with the Victorians and their Gothic, but in a wholly different context. Here is a curious theme—"a study of the destruction, neglect and preservation of historical buildings in England." There have been many sorts of destroyers and Mr. Briggs hails them all before us—the brute, the madman, the devotee, the soldier, the improver, the restorer—so that we pass from one incentive to another with startling rapidity. Cool-headed and methodical, Mr. Briggs balances, surely, on the very brink of satirical extravaganza when he enfolds in one chapter Inigo Jones and the crazy Dowsing of Cambridge, and pins "vandal" on both! The truth is that vandalism as a central theme lets in a good many issues which are not altogether Mr. Briggs's business, since he is obviously more interested in architecture than in, say, religious mania. In the eighteenth century he is momentarily tempted from destruction to its opposite with the invention of the sham ruin; in the nineteenth he is most completely at home, for here the battle of destruction and preservation is fought consciously and volubly round the imperturbable figure of Sir Gilbert Scott. Scott's restorations led to Morris's "Anti-scrape" and from "Anti-scrape" may be dated the whole present-day attitude towards antiquities, an attitude crystallised in an Act of Parliament which enjoins the protection of thousands and the listing of tens of thousands of old buildings.

Mr. Briggs's last chapter is a lucid summary of the progress of preservation theory and practice but it seems to me that he overlooks one important aspect. When, in 1877, Morris wrote that "within the last fifty years a new interest, almost like another sense, has arisen in these ancient monuments of art," he divined, surely, the beginnings of art-history as we understand it today—the conception of buildings as documents in the study of human society and human thought. Much of the listing, recording and research which is being done today is directed towards art-

historical scholarship rather than, as Mr. Briggs seems to imply, solely the rescue and maintenance of fabrics. One effect of this change of attitude is the admission of every conceivable type of building to candidature for preservation. I do not know that any monument has yet been listed on the score of its being an outstanding specimen of "bad" Victorian restoration. But such a plea would be logical enough; has not Grimthorpe's detestable west front at St. Albans already acquired historic celebrity in this kind? And does not Mr. Briggs's own choice of subject show clearly the way things are going?

JOHN SUMMERSON

## THE POET AS PLAIN MAN

**Poems of Michael Drayton.** Edited by JOHN BUXTON. *Routledge.* 2 *vols.* 30*s.*

The traditional judgment on Drayton, since the days of Wordsworth and Coleridge, is that he is the honest but unexciting master of the plain style. Hazlitt's tribute is typical: "His mind is a rich marly soil that produces abundant harvest, and repays the husbandman's toil, but few flaunting flowers, the garden's pride, grow in it, nor any poisonous weeds." There is a hidden hankering after both flowers and weeds there, and when Fuller tells us that Drayton was "a pious poet, his conscience having always the command of his fancy, very temperate in his life, slow of speech, and inoffensive in company," we are prepared to be respectful but unthrilled. Mr. Buxton's admirable selection from Drayton makes me wonder whether the traditional judgment ought not, in some respects, to be revised. Mr. Buxton himself emphasises Drayton's remarkably variety of range and tone; but what I would like to suggest is that there is occasionally in Drayton a remarkable, though not fully conscious, play between the extremely conventional morality of the Elizabethans and their natural admiration for vigour and even for excess. That comes out, I think, in his remarkably readable poem about the troubled reign of Edward II, *The Barons Warres*. The conventional moral pattern there is the same as that of Shakespeare's historical plays: the pathos of a deposed King, the unnatural horror of civil strife. Yet Mortimer and the Queen, who by convention are the villains, by their energy become something like the heroes:

> Nor with my dust mine honour I interre:
> Cæsar thus dy'd, and thus dies Mortimer.

The scene where they are surprised in amorous dalliance by the partisans of the young Edward III is, in its implicit symbolism, very disturbing indeed. They are discussing pictures of classical mythology:

> Phœbus she said was over-forced by art,
> Nor could she find, how that imbrace could be:
> But Mortimer then took the painters part:
> Why thus, bright Empresse, thus, and thus, quoth he;
> That hand doth hold his back, and this his heart,
> Thus their armes twyne, and thus their lips you see;
> Now you are Phœbus, Hiacynthus I,
> It were a life thus ev'ry houre to die.

He tells her that a man-to-man embrace is possible (he can embrace her, though she is essentially a man, has a man's heart, which is the highest compliment he can pay her), and he compares her to Phœbus, the active partner, and himself to Hiacynthus, the passive one; with her and her alone, in admiration of her masculine force, he is as weak as a woman. It is a highly wrought moral paradox, and it was certainly time for the "well-armed rout" to burst in. When Drayton verges on the erotic, indeed, the "Elizabethan compromise" often produces similar odd effects. Some nymphs in *The Muses Elizium* are frankly admiring each other's charms:

> Had I a theigh like Rodopes;
> Which twas my chance to viewe,
> When lying on yon bancke at ease
> The wind thy skirt up blew,
> I would say it were a column wrought
> To some intent divine,
> And for our chaste Diana sought,
> A pillar for her shrine.

The Elizabethan innocence, which the Jacobeans lost for ever, is real; but chaste Diana does come in very pat to avert the sultriness which Carolines like Carew were to give to the catalogue-of-beauties poem; so does the wholesome breeze on the bank. One has a sense in this, as in the other passage, of a man playing with fire without knowing it. Drayton, who was innocently in love all his life with a married woman—again the Elizabethan compromise, Sidney's compromise—kept his freshness by steering clear of London: of which he says,

> . . . this tree grew arrogant in time,
> And in his rank sap bred a loathsome slime.

He was singularly free himself of the rankness of a gross, breeding, enclosing, climbing age. The verses he made "the night before hee dyed"—an elderly man's last words of love to an elderly woman—have a conceit that Donne would have been proud of, and express a selfless devotion of which Donne was perhaps incapable:

> Looke as your looking glass by chance may fail
> Devyde and breake in many peyces smale
> And yett shewes forth, the self same face in all;
>
> Proportions, features, graces just the same,
> And in the smalest peyce as well the name
> Of fayrest one deserves, as in the richest frame.
>
> Soe all my thoughts are peyces but of you
> Which put together make a glass soe true
> As I therein noe others face but yours can viewe.

Would he have been more often a poet as intense and captivating as this, if he had allowed himself to be emotionally smashed like that glass, instead of sanely conserving his energies to write one of the longest poems in the language, on the topography of England? He is a very good poet, anyway; and his plain style is still, as in Wordsworth's time, an excellent corrective to fashionable mannerisms.

G. S. FRASER

## NEW NOVELS

**Farewell, Catullus.** By PIERSON DIXON. *Hollis & Carter.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

**The Celebrity.** By LAURA HOBSON. *Cresset Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

**Casino Royale.** By IAN FLEMING. *Cape.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

**The Short Weekend.** By T. S. STRACHAN. *Heinemann.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

*Farewell, Catullus,* is an imaginative biography of the poet, and a book promising exceptional things. Sir Pierson Dixon has brought peculiar advantages to his task, or, as it might be more correct to say, his pleasure. As private secretary to Mr. Eden and Mr. Bevin, as Ambassador to Czechoslovakia, as one of the heads of the Foreign Office, he has watched and moved in great events, seen and studied great men, and travelled widely as Catullus did. But more than this: by training he is a classical archaeologist, professionally familiar with the period about which he is now writing. A great deal is known about it; nearly as much, as the author remarks, as we know about the domestic politics of Anne's reign and the campaigns of Marlborough. About the life of Catullus himself enough is known to provide a framework—his residence in Rome, his connection with Julius Caesar, his passionate and fated love for Clodia, the Lesbia of the poems. Here we have a combination of circumstances that appears ideal. What is the outcome?

In his biography of Keynes Mr. Harrod says something of Keynes's attitude to creative art, of the keen realisation of the man of affairs that this is a sphere to which intelligence and penetrating understanding do not necessarily admit their possessors. Sir Pierson Dixon is not among those admitted; it must be said that despite their historical reality and his own knowledge and understanding he has failed to bring his characters to life. His Caesar and Pompey and Cicero, his Catullus and his Clodia, are, like his prose, insentient. At best they move as figures in a classical landscape, giving us glimpses only of what this novel might have been, the story of an un-Roman Roman, the eternal story of the young man from the provinces and the corrupting, fascinating city, the love-story of a great poet,

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tragic, destructive, piercing. As it is, *Farewell, Catullus* is interesting mainly because of its authenticity of historical fact and background.

It is generally believed in publishing circles that books about publishing or associated business do not sell, and it is generally believed by writers that to make a writer the central character of a novel is the last resort of expiring talent. (Serious treatment of the nature and role of creative talent, *à la* James, is a separate and rare matter.) Miss Hobson has written a long, readable, nice, moderately serious, intelligent (sort-of) book which, however, does not seem quite good enough to break the rules. It's about a novel, *The Good World*, which is chosen by the greatest of American book clubs. Its author, Gregory Johns, hitherto obscure, now has the opportunity to become a celebrity, but he is a modest chap, and the role is filled instead by his brother. So we get a lively and knowledgeable picture of the world of big-sales publicity, best-sellerdom, Hollywood, the lecture business and so on. *The Good World* is a "serious" piece about a future world government, and there are times when Miss Hobson herself appears to be about to launch into a new depth of seriousness. But this never quite happens; the moral in the end is that success is liable to corrupt, and the whole book remains on this rather routine entertainment level.

The other two are thrillers written for an intelligent audience. Both are conventional, Mr. Fleming owing something to what might be called the Oppenheim tradition, Mr. Strachan owing rather more to Buchan. Mr. Fleming (who was personal assistant to the Director of Naval Intelligence) has written a piece of fiction incredible enough to be authentic; it's about a British agent trying to ruin and disgrace a Communist trade union leader by beating him at baccarat. The business of baccarat and the atmosphere of playing for very high stakes are handled by Mr. Fleming with excitement, but his characters are not much more real than the playing cards, and the hero's Romance makes one think of people going uneasily through a compulsory social routine.

*The Short Weekend*, like *Casino Royale*, has its moments, and it is a more consistent book. But the set-up is so familiar—the bored adventurer ready for danger, the mysterious approach, the drawing-in, the violence. It is the classic opening of *The Thirty-Nine Steps*, and Mr. Strachan fails to develop it originally. The scene is set in Madrid and the author is clearly much at home in Spain and with Spaniards. If more could have been made of this the book would have been better; as it is, one has the impression that Mr. Strachan wanted to do a thriller set in Madrid, and then lost heart about making it a real Madrileno.

J. D. SCOTT

## THE M.P. COLUMNIST

**The Best of Both Worlds.** By TOM DRIBERG. *Phœnix House.* 15*s.*

As William Hickey, Tom Driberg developed a light touch and an admirable economy of style. As an M.P. as well as a columnist, he has added the missing element—a serious political purpose. He describes his new book as a "personal diary." Actually it is an agreeable recording of passing events embellished later with considered reflections. There are vividly-written flash-backs recalling, for instance, his journeys as foreign correspondent to Korea and the Sudan. He manages in several passages to present a lively picture of the life of an M.P. to-day; there are all-night sittings with nowhere to rest (he seems not to have stumbled on either Mrs. Braddock or Dr. Summerskill); there is the occasional success in persuading a Minister to change his mind—a feat which Driberg pulled off by dint of hard work and perseverance in the case of the strange and inordinate punishment of Guardsman Smith. We learn, too, much about his relations with his constituents, his marriage and his feelings about religion, with short paragraphs of animadversion against people who say "literally" when they mean "metaphorically" or commit much less heinous sins in the use of words. Egotism is here most readable. Lest anyone should find him too serious, he fills in with excellent contemporary stories. One of the best of these, though not the funniest, concerns Adlai Stevenson who "was asked what he thought about flattery, that most insidious of corruptors: was it getting him down, was his head strong enough to resist it?

"'It's all right,' he said, 'if you don't inhale.'"

TOM PAINE

## GRAMOPHONE NOTES

**Orchestral.** BEETHOVEN: Symphonies: No. 5 (Vienna Sym Orch/Klemperer. *§V.PL6930); Nos. 1 and 9 (Soloists/Robert Shaw Chorale/NBCSO/Toscanini. *§G.ALP1039). Otto Klemperer's reading of No. 5 is weighty and deliberate—in the Finale perhaps too deliberate to allow the heroic effect to be felt through the mass of beautifully articulated detail. This is a classical yet full-blooded performance, rather in the style of Weingartner (could one pay the conductor a greater compliment?), with splendid woodwind chording and an excitingly taut scherzo. The recording is of the close-up kind—very clear except in double-forte, which is a little oppressive. Still, this is easily the best available version of the work. If in principle it is possible to feel dubious about the ruthless and unyielding pace at which Toscanini drives the first movement of the Ninth—to feel, too, that he hurries the wind solos as he hurried the singers in the *Traviata* set—it is impossible not to be thrilled by the generalship which makes the whole orchestra play as one man. In fact, this is an unavoidable issue, though the tuttis are a bit constricted and the quartet of soloists in the Finale (by no means the equal of the Viennese quartet in the Kleiber version) sounds as if it were recorded in a separate studio. The First Symphony (a mere fill-up!) receives an almost ideal performance, and the recording leaves much less to be desired. **C. P. E. BACH: Symphonies, No. 3, C major, for strings, No. 1, D major, for orch. *J. C. BACH: Sinfonia concertante for two violins, oboe and orch. (Hegedus/Riemann/Mayerhofer/Vienna Sym Orch/Guenther. §N.BLP304). Carl Philipp Emmanuel was by far the most interesting and original of the sons of Johann Sebastian Bach, and these symphonies are most arresting examples of his adventurous talent. The D major Symphony sounds curiously like orchestrated versions of Scarlatti sonatas. By contrast, the J. C. Bach work is musically conventional and short-breathed; but the layout is attractive: in the first movement the two solo violins hold the field against the full orchestra; in the Andante the oboe enters with the string band alone and the solo violins are silent; in the final Tempo di minuetto the oboe retires again and the two violins re-emerge with the full orchestra. BRAHMS: Third Symphony (Hallé Orch/Barbirolli. G.BLP1015). This is a solid recording, with excellent string tone, and it is a good deal cheaper than the Szell disc (Decca); but there the advantages seem to me to end. In the first movement Barbirolli's conception lacks the forward sweep of Szell's; in the second the woodwind has a subfusc quality; in the third the cellos sound dull, and on the return of the theme the string figuration smothers the horn solo. The disc surface mutters distractingly. SCHUBERT: Fourth Symphony, C minor (Concertgebouw/Van Beinum. §D.LXT2779). Now the best available version of this symphony, but not at all highly recommended, none the less: the first movement is a little too slow, the second correspondingly too fast (Van Beinum quite fails to capture the lyrical sadness of this movement). On side 1 the recording is dim and colourless, but improves considerably on side 2. SHOSTAKOVICH: Fifth Symphony (Vienna Sym Orch/Horenstein. *§V.PL7610). A most welcome return to the catalogues, since the first and third movements of this symphony are among the finest the composer has ever written. This is an admirably spacious performance, beautifully recorded; it would have received two stars if the flute solos (very important) had not been so timid, and the drums in the Finale too distant. BACH: Clavier Concertos, D minor and F minor (Foss/Zimbler String Sinfonietta. **§B.AXTL1012). This is a lovely record. Lukas Foss plays what sounds like a fairly small piano, and his neat fingering and ample command of nuances banish any regret for the harpsichord. The F minor Concerto is taken rather more slowly than usual, but the heavier accents that result are not inappropriate to the nature of the music. BEETHOVEN: Piano Concerto No. 4, G major (Novaes/Vienna Sym Orch/Klemperer. *§V.PL7090). Guiomar Novaes gives a very impressive account of this concerto: her individual manner, which in Chopin sometimes produces eccentricities at variance with the character of the music, is here kept severely in check. The orchestra is beautifully clear, though not always perfectly synchronised with the piano part. The recording is admirable. By and large, I prefer this version to any other now obtainable, except perhaps the Schnabel SP set. Those who have been eagerly awaiting the LP edition of the Gieseking version (§C.33C1007) are advised that the transfer is quite unsuccessful. MENDELSSOHN: Violin Concerto (De Vito/LSO/Sargent. §G.BLP1008). The fine qualities that used to distinguish Gioconda de Vito's playing are seldom in evidence in this record. Her intonation is far from impeccable, her double-stopping is clumsy, and her tone at the opening of the Andante so thin as to be scarcely audible. A routine performance from the orchestra completes the harm done to a piece which will not stand perfunctory handling. Those who do not possess the Campoli SP set (Decca: the LP is not recommended) would do well to await an issue on one side of a 12-inch LP, for the movements of this concerto are really continuous and should be so heard. TCHAIKOVSKY: Violin Concerto (Heifetz/Philharmonia/Süsskind. §G.BLP1012). This, in its SP edition, was a brilliant but unlovable account of the music. On LP the brilliance, of course, remains, but the recording has suffered in the transfer. In the teeth of strong opposition I

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continue to recommend the Ricci version (*§D LXT2509). VAUGHAN WILLIAMS: *Flos campi* (Tursi/Chorus/Concert Hall Chamber Orch/Hull. *§N.CLP1151). Though hardly the equal of William Primrose (in the excellent HMV set) Francis Tursi gives a very decent account of the solo viola part in this dreamy, sensuous work. Indeed, the whole performance is enjoyably homogeneous and the music, of course, gains greatly from the continuity of LP. The reverse contains a ballet by the American composer, Hunter Johnson, entitled "Letter to the World," and based on the poems of Emily Dickinson. This is recognisably American in its combination of homely tunes with Stravinskian orchestration; it is extremely well played and recorded. SIBELIUS: **En saga* and *Tapiola* (Concertgebouw/Van Beinum. §D.LXT2776) *En saga* is given a splendid performance, with specially impressive brass tone; but the heavy disc surface is most injurious to the quiet end, turning "quasi niente" into "quasi scratch." *Tapiola*, though agreeably recorded, is oddly unexciting—partly because the actual sound is not sufficiently immediate, and partly because Van Beinum has not managed to convey the frightening quality of this wonderful piece. We must continue to hope that HMV will issue the Beecham version on LP. STRAVINSKY: *The Firebird*—Suite (New York Phil Sym Orch/Stravinsky. *§C.33C1010). This issue includes two extra items from the complete ballet: the Scherzo and the Adagio (the Firebird's supplication to the Prince). The orchestra gives a virtuoso performance, and although the tuttis are not perfectly free, in all other respects this is a very good record. RAVEL: *Daphnis and Chloe*—complete ballet (Geneva Motet Choir/Suisse Romande Orch/Ansermet. §D.LXT2775). Disappointing. The sumptuous score demands much more brilliant orchestral playing than it gets in this rather limp performance, the recording of which is curiously muffled; and the disc surface is never quite silent. Moreover, it seems likely that most people will be content with the two suites, of which the second (coupled with Debussy's *Ibéria*) is available in an excellent Telefunken LP (**§T.LGX66001). Also recommended: TCHAIKOVSKY: *Capriccio italien;* BIZET: *Carmen* Suite (Columbia Sym Orch/Beecham. **§C.33CX1037); WAGNER: *Die Meistersinger*—Prelude, Act 3 (NBCSO/Toscanini. *G.DB-21564); WIENIAWSKI: Violin Concerto No. 2, D minor (Stern/New York Phil Sym/Kurtz. *§C-33C1013); OFFENBACH: *Gaîté Parisienne* (Boston Pops/Fiedler. *§G.CLP1004).

**Chamber Music, Piano and Organ.** SPOHR: Nonet (Niedermayr/Mayrhofer/Members of Vienna Octet. **§D.LXT2782). Readers—especially those who dislike modern music—are vehemently urged not to overlook this lovely record. Mildly romantic in feeling, but classical in construction, the Nonet combines some of the charm of Schubert's Octet with the graceful symmetry of Mendelssohn's chamber music. The performance and recording are ideal. MOZART: Clarinet Quintet (Kell/Fine Arts Qt. §B.AXTL-1007). A much more superficial and less sensitive performance than that of the Bavier/Chigi Qt issue (**§D.LXT2698). The clarinet part is delivered in Kell's *vox humana* style, and the string quartet, though efficient players, lack subtlety. BACH: Toccata and Fugue, D minor (Jones. **G.C4214). Magisterially played on the beautiful organ at Steinkirchen, this is probably the best available version of this famous piece. The Demessieux recording (Decca), though fascinatingly individual, seems finicky in comparison with Geraint Jones's less mannered rendering. Also recommended: LISZT: **Valse oubliée, No.* 1 and **Liebestraum No.* 3 (Rubinstein G.DB21567).

**Vocal.** MUSSORGSKY: *Boris Godunov*—complete opera (Christoff/Gedda/Zareska, etc./Choeurs russes de Paris/Radiodiffusion Orch/Dobrowen. *§G.ALP1044-7). *Boris* is here given in the Rimsky-Korsakov version and in Russian (an enormous advantage). Orchestrally, the performance is magnificent, and the balance and recording are most capably managed. Most of the singing is on a high level, but was it not a mistake to entrust three different parts (Boris, Pimen and Varlaam) to the same singer? Boris Christoff is superb as Boris (his death scene is deeply moving) and manages to reduce his voice so as to lend a different character to Pimen; but his Varlaam merely sounds like a cruder Boris. Kim Borg, who gives a very fine account of the Jesuit, might surely have been a better choice for the profligate friar. Again, Eugenia Zareska makes an admirable Marina, but fails entirely to suggest the boy Fedor. Nicolai Gedda is most convincing as the false Dimitri. One could wish the chorus had more weight, but at least they sound authentic. All in all, this is an exciting issue. MAHLER: *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* (Poell/Sydney/Vienna State Opera Orch/Prohaska. *§N.VLP412, two discs). This collection (it is not a cycle) of settings of German folk poems is among Mahler's most attractive and characteristic works. The accompaniments are truly orchestral—not just inflated piano parts—and the vocal writing gives ample scope for drama, as well as for lyrical singing. The orchestra plays with extraordinary brilliance and is admirably recorded, while Alfred Poell, to whom is assigned about half the songs, gives a really masterly performance. Unfortunately, Lorna Sydney is quite inadequate: nervous, wobbly in tone and technically insecure. But her voice is never ugly, and many readers will, I think, be prepared to put up with her feeble contribution for the sake of the inexhaustible enjoyment afforded by Poell's thrilling tone and imaginative style. SCHUBERT: *Die schöne Müllerin* (Fischer-Dieskau/Moore. *§G.ALP1036-7). This recording has been improved out of recognition by the transfer to LP. I continue to feel that Fischer-Dieskau's operatic style is ill suited to the songs; but many of the numbers are most beautifully sung, and the roughness which spoilt so much of the SP edition has quite disappeared. Also recommended: FOLK SONGS: Six dukes went afishin (arr. Grainger); O waly waly (arr. Britten) (Pears/Britten. *G.DA2032).

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## Week-end Competitions

No. 1,211

**Set by Carl Petersen**

The usual prizes are offered for the comments of any one of Mr. Hemingway's heroes on his creator's having won the Pulitzer Prize. Limit 150 words. Entries by May 19.

## RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,208

**Set by Peter Pastmaster**

Tradition has it that this year is the 400th anniversary of the death of Rabelais. Readers are invited to submit an outline of their own ideal Abbey of Thelema.

**Report by Peter Pastmaster**

"All their life was spent not in laws, statutes or rules, but according to their own free will and pleasure. They arose out of their beds when they thought good: they did eat, drink, labour, sleep, when they had a mind to it, and were disposed for it . . ." Whether in the master's own prose or in Urquhart's English, most competitors' Welfare State Thelemas sounded, by comparison, most unenticing. *Fay ce que voudras* seems, in 1953, to mean *mens sana in corpore sano*: jousting, falconry, and the New Learning have been succeeded by Swedish exercises, rock gardening, long evenings at the ballet and a great deal of heavy conversation about Life. This, even with M. André Simon in charge of the cuisine, is not enough. Few came nearer the banks of the Loire than Glyndebourne, Battersea Pleasure Gardens, or Mr. Butlin's camp at Filey. Most people were so busy arranging a rigorous cultural programme for the Thelemites that they left themselves no space to describe the vanities of the place—the clothes, the buildings, the upholstery. Where were the twentieth-century equivalents of the ladies' cloth of tissue and tabby vardingales; the huge brocaded bedsteads; the "great pillars of Cassydony stone and Porphry marble?"

First prize of three guineas to Olga Guedatarian, for an almost perfect entry; two guineas to L. G. Udall; and one guinea to Edward Blishen.

Devant icelluy abbaye les Thelemites brusleront es jardins engins telephoniques, radiophoniques et televisioniques et n'espargneront de la flame ny sonnettes, ny sonneurs, ny chiens aboyans, ny joueurs d'instrumens harmonieux. Par ceste raison vivront hommes et dames avecque tranquilité parfaicte sans noise ny debatz mais aultrement feront selon leur vouloir et franc-arbitre. Ne s'encqueriront poinct des actes d'aultrui et auront comme devis "rien n'en sçay" pour ce que ne rien sçavoir est liesse et contentement. Voyant le deuil qui consomme orbite terrestre, se rappelleront la vie estre brieve et une, embelliront corps, vestemens et logis se disant venusté estre saincte, souventes foys mangeront langoustes, veaulx et rognons, boirant vin frais à tas, s'entreaymeront et echangeront doulx propos, gentillesses et mignardises.

OLGA GUEDATARIAN

Let the new Abbey of Theleme be rebuilt on the site of the old on the banks of the Loire, and let the gardens be sumptuously laid out. To this shall come postulants from all over the world for therein shall be obtainable all manner of pleasure that is purchased by money without any let or hindrance.

Within shall be neither laws nor restraint and it shall give entrance to all who shall pay for it. Those who so desire shall leave whenever they list save that upon their brows shall be branded the initials of this profound phrase—"Served Heaven In Theleme" that they be given instantly that respect which is now not readily offered.

L. G. UDALL

A modern Thelema? Well, "Do What You Will"
Is an unimprovable slogan still;
And . . . no, I cannot add to the rout
Of odious persons he'd have kept out.
The ladies? I agree with the glorious man:
Let us have them as comely as we can.
Diversions? I've nothing at all to add.
And clothing? That's just how I'd like to be clad!
A different Thelema? Look here, Mister Setter,
It's a pretty poor show to request us to better
Or even to prune to our own predilection
A Utopian plan that possesses perfection!
The task I refuse . . . or (let's put it this way),
Since I fervently echo old F. Rabelais,
I ask you to give me the prize you'd have meted
To him had the great man himself competed!

EDWARD BLISHEN

## CHESS: The Father of Modern Chess

No. 188

May 14th is the 117th anniversary of the day when Wilhelm Steinitz was born. He came to England in 1862 merely to play in a tournament, and he stayed for 20 years; then he went to America for what again was meant to be a few weeks, but he stayed for nearly another 20 years, and died there as unhappily as he had lived most of his time. Still, he had held the world championship for 28 years, just a year longer than Lasker did after him; and he probably gave to Chess more than anybody before or after him. Not as if his predecessors (way back to Philidor) had been unaware of the principle of "positional" Chess, but it was Steinitz who made a system of it; at any rate he laid the groundwork. It was Steinitz who first saw and taught the importance of the "centre", it was he who saw clearer than anybody before him that an attack must be positionally justified and that such a positional advantage, if not thrown in one's lap by an obliging opponent, can be piled up methodically. Note the thoroughly "positional" character of his sacrifice on the 22nd move of this game he won against Paulsen in 1870. The opening was a "Steinitz Gambit," now (deservedly) obsolete.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| (1) | P-K4 | P-K4 | (7) B x P | O-O-O |
| (2) | Kt-QB3 | Kt-QB3 | (8) K-K3 | Q-R4 |
| (3) | P-B4 | P x P | (9) B-K2 | Q-QR4 |
| (4) | P-Q4!? | Q-R5 ch | (10) P-QR3 | B x Kt |
| (5) | K-K2 | P-Q3 | (11) K x B | Q-R4 ch |
| (6) | Kt-B3 | B-Kt5 | (12) K-K3 | Q-R5 |

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| (13) | P-QKt4 | P-KKt4 | (23) | B-Kt4 ch | K-Kt1 |
| (14) | B-Kt3 | Q-R3 | (24) | Kt-Q5 | Q-Kt2 |
| (15) | P-Kt5 | QKt-K2 | (25) | P-R5 | P-KB4 |
| (16) | R-KB1 | Kt-KB3 | (26) | P x KtP | P x KtP |
| (17) | K-B2 | Kt-Kt3 | (27) | Kt x P | Kt-K2 |
| (18) | K-Kt1 | Q-Kt2 | (28) | P x P | Q-B2 |
| (19) | Q-Q2 | P-KR3 | (29) | P-B6! | Kt-B3 |
| (20) | P-QR4 | R-Kt1 | (30) | P-B4 | Kt-R2 |
| (21) | P-Kt6 | RP x P | (31) | Q-R2 | Kt-Kt4 |
| (22) | R x Kt! | Q x R | (32) | Kt-Q5 | resigns |

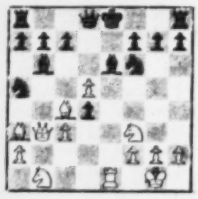
Obviously the B was tabu on Black's 27th move, on account of R-R8 ch followed by Q-B3 ch, etc.; nor could Black take the KBP on his 29th move. The threat Q-Kt4 had to be countered.

Here is a game played 25 years later at Hastings; it was the year after he had lost the title to Lasker. But Steinitz could still bare the lion's claws. It is, indeed, one of his most celebrated games. The victim was Bardeleben.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| (1) | P-K4 | P-K4 | (10) | B-KKt5 | B-K2 |
| (2) | Kt-KB3 | Kt-QB3 | (11) | B x Kt | QB x B |
| (3) | B-B4 | B-B4 | (12) | Kt x B | Q x Kt |
| (4) | P-B3 | Kt-B3 | (13) | B x B | Kt x B? |
| (5) | P-Q4 | P x P | (14) | R-K1 | P-KB3 |
| (6) | P x P | B-Kt5 ch | (15) | Q-K2 | Q-Q2 |
| (7) | Kt-B3 | P-Q4 | (16) | QR-B1 | P-B3? |
| (8) | P x P | KKt x P | (17) | P-Q5!! | P x P |
| (9) | O-O | B-K3 | (18) | Kt-Q4 | K-B2 |
| (19) | Kt-K6 | KR-QB1 | (23) | R-B7 ch! | K-Kt1 |
| (20) | Q-Kt4! | P-KKt3 | (24) | R-Kt7 ch! | K-R1 |
| (21) | Kt-Kt5 ch | K-K1 | (25) | R x P ch | K-Kt1 |
| (22) | R x Ktch!! | K-B1 | (26) | R-Kt7 ch | resigns |

For mate in at most nine moves can no longer be avoided.

**A**: W. Steinitz 1863



**B**: N. D. Grigoriev 1925

This week the 4-pointer is the climacterial position of a game in which the odds of the QR had been conceded. As a helpful little hint for beginners I might add that Steinitz ignored the threat to his Q and proceeded to mate very neatly in seven moves. **B**—White to draw —and **C**—White to win—

**C**: T. de Villeneuve 1922

## REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set April 18

A: (1) R-QB6 ch., K-Q3. (2) R-KB6! Q-K2! (3) R-Kt1 ch., Q-K8. (4) R-QR6, R-QB2. (5) R-QR1 ch, R-B8. (6) R x R ch., K x R. (7) R x Q ch., K-Kt7. (8) R-K7, P-R6. (9) R-QKt7 ch., K-B8. (10) R-Kt8! Kt-B2. (11) R-QB8, K-Q8. (12) R x Kt, etc.

(10) R-QR7? is countered by Kt-Kt3. (11) R-QB7 ch., K-Q1 (12) R-QKt7, K-K8! (13) R x Kt, K-B7, etc.

B: (1) . . . R x Kt. (2) B x R, Q x B ch. (3) K x Q, Kt x QP ch. (4) K-Kt4, B-B1 ch. (5) K-R4, Kt-B6 mate.

C: (1) Q-Kt5, K-K3 ch. (2) K-Kt1! K x P. (3) Kt-B5 ch., K-B1. (4) B-R6 ch, K-Kt1. (5) Q-Kt3 ch., K-R1. (6) B-Kt7 ch! B x B. (7) Kt-Q7, Q-Q1. (8) Q-QKt8 ch, Q x Q. (9) Kt-Kt6 mate.

If (1) . . . B x P. (2) Kt-B4! etc.

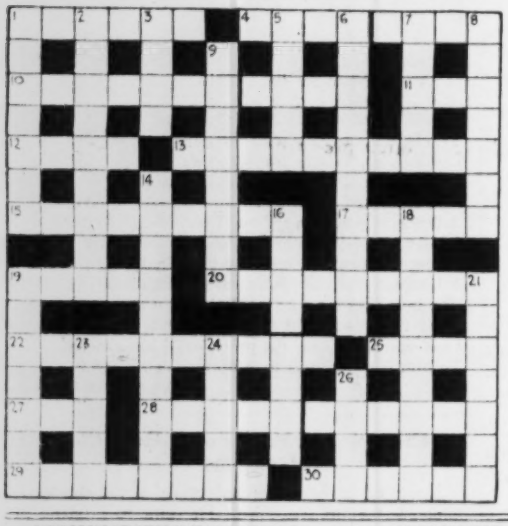
If (3) . . . K-Q3. (4) Q-Kt3 ch., K-K2. (5) Q-K5, ch., K-B2 (6) B-B4 ch, K-Kt3. (7) B-Q3 ch, K-R3. (8) Q-R2 ch., etc.

Many stumped by either **A** or **C**. Prizes (swelled by last week's unawarded consolation prize) shared by M. M. Kennedy, D. E. Mease, C. Sandberg, P. B. Sarson, A. Schneider. Equally flawless entries from Gerald Abrahams, D. E. Cohen, Leslie Hale, M. Kaye. *Londoners' 5th majority move B-K2. Non-Londoners' 6th due by May 13th.*

ASSIAC

## Week-end Crossword No. 47

*Prizes: Three book tokens of 10s. 6d. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 47, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1 by first post on 19th May.*



### ACROSS

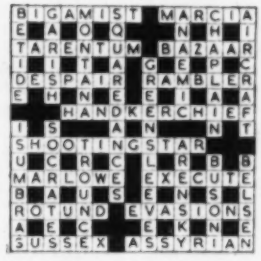
1. Proverbially more reasonable when sober (6).
4. Spivs who cannot aim straight? (4, 4).
10. Record-breakers' complaint? (7, 4).
11. Half asleep, so it gets past? (3).
12. Rum's neighbour (4).
13. One of these shopkeepers bursts into tears (10).
15. Coatpeg as a bearer of others' burdens (9).
17. Capital case (5).
19. Russell's work as a story-teller (5).
20. Royal confinement (9).
22. Ugly rows may take place in court (10).
25. Favourites show pace when backed (4).
27. Many-fountained mountain (3).
28. Select train set (5, 6).
29. Anxiety as portrayed by writers in southern usage (8).
30. The god to ask for a story? (6).

### DOWN

1. Mailing advertisers? (7).
2. I write poetry about a girl and a product of sturgeons (9).
3. Devils in palest parchment used again (4).
5. The historian in it is a fool (5).
6. Common endings (10).
7. A man's game? (5).
8. Writer for the north-eastern press (7).
9. Publications have noised it around (8).
14. Lake of Peter 24 (10).
16. Rail and road charge (4, 4).
18. Jokers and politics often are (9).
19. Suits one among the fruit (7).
21. Change this ruler's head to make a stamp (7).
23. Make a collection for a service (5).
24. Weir's friend (5).
26. Lennie liked to pet them (4).

SET-SQUARE

*Solution to No. 45*



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 45

*John M. Anderson (Troon), Ramsay Homa (Haifa), D. Martin Dakin (Hornchurch).*


### ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

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### ACCOMMODATION—continued

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ENGLISH Lakes. Rydal Hall Hotel. Nr. Ambleside. Tel. 3162. Historic Mansion. (H. & C.). Extensive grounds. Mod. terms.

N. CORNWALL. St. Giles Hotel, Wadebridge. This is a small hotel charmingly situated in own grounds overlooking the River Camel and within four miles of safe bathing and surfing. It is an ideal centre for motorists and every comfort and consideration is available for our guests. Tel. 85 and 386.

SALCOMBE, S. Devon. Tides Reach Hotel. On the edge of a sandy beach with boats, fishing, safe bathing and glorious walks. Mod. comforts; farm produce; good food & wine. Open Easter to mid-Oct. 10-14*gns*. Tel. 288. Ashley Courtenay recommended.

A PLEASANT congenial private hotel used by "N.S." readers offers twin or double-bedded rooms between May 16 and June 22, 5/6½*gns*, according floor, etc., including "extras" (early tea, gratuities, etc.). Early holidays need a mild climate. St. Leonards is "the finest" (town claim; informative brochure free). Two lounges. Meat or Vegetarian diet. Few vacancies for most summer weeks. Normanhurst, Sea-front, St. Leonards, Sussex. Near Orchestra, curative baths. Beautiful unspoilt Downs and country nearby.

CORNWALL, Port Isaac, Carn Haven Guest House, overlooking sea. H. & C. bedrooms. Farm produce, excel. food. Mod.

LITTLE Guide to Britain's recommended Village Inns, Hotels, Farms, Guesthouses—the Bide-a-While Book. 3s. 6*d*., postage 2*d*. from N. S Hilton, 45 Fleet St., Torquay.

BEAUTIFUL Sussex. Enjoy a quiet holiday in lovely country. Own produce. Spacious grounds. Comfy beds. Bus to Eastbourne. Te Whare Hotel, Horam. Tel: Horeham Rd. 32.

TRUST the reasoned opinion of many readers: the Continental is unique in its artistic, social and epicurean touch. (Hld. broch.). 10 Albany Rd., St. Leonards-on-Sea.

WHITSUN vacancies: Country house near sea. Own produce/poultry. Terms mod. Details: The Thorne, Ninfield Road, Bexhill-on-Sea. (Ninfield 212.)

EGDON Heath, 5 miles Lulworth Cove, good accom. pleasant country cottage. First-class cooking. Cubitt, Heather Cottage, Moreton, Dorset.

WRITER'S wife welcomes P.G.'s, cottage Fowey, Cornwall, 4-5*gns*. Breakfast and evening dinner. Write Box 9046.

TARASCON: Camp at Tartarin Plage on the Rhône beside famous château. Swimming, dancing, painting. Ideal centre for exploring Provence. Pension terms for campers 800 frs. per day. Box 8674.

COTE D'Azur. Holidays at moderate inclusive terms. Typical Provençal hotel. Restaurant with 1st class French cuisine. All modern comforts. Own cabin cruiser and car. Illus. brochure—Ermitage, Bandol (Var).

PARIS. Pension de famille. Excel. ckg. Paris 10 mins. 950 frs. p. day inc. Mme. Ducros, 42 rue Bokanowski, Asnières, Seine.

VILLAGES Magiques: £39 for 2 weeks in Sicily via Paris, Rome, Pompeii. Enqs. C.I.T. (England), Ltd., 66 Haymarket, S.W.1.

COTE D'Azur, Hotel La Bonne Auberge, St. Raphael (Var). Full pension, incl. wine, taxes & serv., 1,350-1,500 frcs. p. day.

GOOD Food Club members recommend over 750 places throughout Britain which serve a good meal at a reasonable price, in the "Good Food Guide" 1953-54. Entirely revised and much enlarged, but still 5s. from all booksellers. Published by Cassell & Co., 37 St. Andrews Hill, London, E.C.4.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3s. 6*d*. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. State latest date acceptable. Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

# Not for women?

ABOUT WOMEN and the reading of newspapers, there still remain traces of Victorianism. The male assumes that papers such as the Manchester Guardian are for the masculine mind; for the feminine mind something 'lighter' is often prescribed.

Women, no doubt, can and do make up their own minds. This advertisement seeks merely to take their side. If husband or father takes pleasure in the good reporting, good thinking, good writing in the Manchester Guardian, then wife or daughter takes no less pleasure.

Let no male, therefore, appropriate the Manchester Guardian to his sole use, and allot a 'popular' paper to his womenfolk. The Manchester Guardian has something of a mission in life—to tell the truth, to guard the humanities, to ignore the base or trivial. These aspirations are equally important to women. See to it, Sir, that the women in your household share with you the deep satisfaction of being a Manchester Guardian reader.

*If you have any difficulty in getting your Manchester Guardian regularly, please write to: The Manchester Guardian, Manchester.*

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT

*The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.*

B.B.C. invites applications for posts in Programme Operations. Successful candidates will join Staff Training Reserve from which most junior vacancies in Programme Operations Departments are filled. The work of these Departments covers the operational work involved in Studios for the preparation and transmission of all programmes whether live or pre-recorded. This includes the placing of artists in relation to the microphone, the mixing and controlling of the output from the Studio microphones, the reproduction of recordings and the manipulation of apparatus used in producing sound effects. Candidates should preferably be between the ages of 20 and 25 and must be physically fit as the hours of duty are irregular and may include night shifts. They must possess manual dexterity in the operation of equipment and the capacity to assimilate a certain amount of technical knowledge. Considerable emphasis will be placed on personal qualities, particularly the ability to deal tactfully and confidently with people, to think quickly and to remain calm in emergencies. A wide general interest in the Arts is necessary but as there is some variation of work within Departments it would be valuable for candidates to possess some knowledge of dramatic production, or to have the ability to follow a music score, while for many posts vocal and operational suitability for microphone work and some linguistic ability is essential. Starting salary £360 p.a. for trial period of at least 3 months with prospect of promotion when fully qualified to £415 p.a. rising by 5 annual increments to £575 p.a. (maximum). Prospects of further promotion in competition. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "P.O. N.Stm." within a week. For acknowledgement please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

P.E.P. (Political and Economic Planning) invites applications for the post of Director, which will be falling vacant between now and the early autumn. The person appointed will be responsible to the Executive Committee for all sides of the organisation's work and, while the main requirement is ability to guide and inspire research, some weight will be given to administrative experience. The salary paid will be not less than £1,400 a year, plus an allowance for expenses. Applns. within one month to The Director, P.E.P., 16 Queen Anne's Gate, London, S.W.1.

AUCKLAND University College, New Zealand. Applications are invited for a Lectureship in Modern Languages. Salary will be at the rate of £800 rising to £950 by annual increments of £50. The Lecturer will be required to hold a Master's degree. He will be expected to teach French at all stages to M.A. Honours standard, and also Italian to Stage III. While it is not essential, it would be considered an advantage if applicants have had some previous University teaching experience. Duties to commence in February, 1954. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications in London and New Zealand is June 22, 1953.

THE London School of Economics and Political Science (University of London). Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in Modern Economic History. Candidates should preferably have special knowledge of the economic history of the 19th or early 20th century. Salary scale £500—£50—£600 per annum, with superannuation benefits and family allowances. In assessing the starting salary due consideration will be given to age and experience. The appointment will date from October 1, 1953. Applications, with the names of three referees, should be forwarded not later than May 26, 1953, to the Secretary, London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, Aldwych, W.C.2, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

CENTRAL Office of Information invite applications for fee paid translation work into French or Spanish. French or Spanish must be applicant's mother tongue; good general knowledge, wide vocabulary and ability to work accurately at high speed essential. Journalistic or literary experience desirable. Write, giving date of birth, education, full details of qualifications and experience of posts held (including dates), to Appointments Officer, Ministry of Labour and National Service, 1-6 Tavistock Square, W.C.1, quoting E.D.375, by May 23, 1953. No original testimonials should be sent. Only candidates selected for interview will be advised.

NATIONAL Film Library requires young administrative assistant. Some experience, University degree and interest in films desirable. Salary £500 x £25 to £650. Superannuation scheme. Apply by letter to Curator, The British Film Institute, 164 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

SECRETARY-shorthand-typist, permanent, to Manager old-established publishers. Age, experience, to Box 9364.

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LEEDS Grammar School. The Governors of this Independent Public Day School invite applications for the post of Headmaster owing to the forthcoming retirement of Dr. Terry Thomas. There are 860 boys on roll, of whom 170 are in the Sixth Form. Salary £2,000 per annum rising by annual increments of £50 to £2,250. No house provided. Duties to begin as from January 1, 1954, or by arrangement. Further particulars, and form of application which should be returned not later than May 30, may be obtained from the undersigned. T. L. Chalton, Clerk to the Governors, 6 Butts Court, Leeds, 1.

ASSISTANT (Graduate) to the Curator, Horniman Museum, Forest Hill, London, preferably with museum experience, and with qualifications in history of music, anthropology or archaeology, required for a period of about two years to reclassify, display and catalogue specimens, particularly the musical instruments and/or the stone implements. Salary £540-£600 according to qualifications and experience. Application forms, with full details, from Education Officer (EO/Estab. 2/1), The County Hall, London, S.E.1, must be returned by June 1. (424.)

UNIVERSITY College of South Wales and Monmouthshire. Applications are invited for two Research Assistantships in Economics. Each is for one year, with the possibility of renewal for a further one or two years. Salary £450 per annum. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Cathays Park, Cardiff, to whom six copies of application, together with the names and addresses of three referees, should be sent not later than June 20, 1953. (Signed) E. R. Evans, Registrar, Cathays Park, Cardiff.

WOMEN Public Health Officers' Association (Registered as a Trade Union). Applications are invited from University Graduates or those holding other suitable qualifications for the appointment of Assistant Secretary. Secretarial and admin. experience reqd.; experience of Committee work and public speaking desirable. Commencing salary from £375-£420 accdg. to qualifics. Apply, sending full partics., to Gen. Secretary, W.P.H.O.A., 7 Victoria St., S.W.1.

CITY of Leicester Children's Committee. Cottage Homes, Countesthorpe, Nr. Leicester. Applications are invited for the appointment of Resident Housemother at the Cottage Homes which are delightfully situated in the country 7 miles from Leicester on a good bus route. Applicants should be of good education and preference will be given to those holding certificates in Child Care, Home Nursing, First Aid, etc. The Salary scale will be: £330 x £15 to £390 per annum. A charge of £100 per annum will be made for board and lodging. Application forms and further information may be obtained from the Children's Officer, 20 Millstone Lane, Leicester, to whom completed applications should be sent by May 23, 1953. Kenneth Goodacre, Town Clerk.

THE Elizabeth Fry Memorial Trust. Arising from the extension to the Spofforth Hall Recuperative Centre, a Deputy Warden is required. The Centre is for mothers with their children who are failing to provide satisfactory homes for themselves and their families. The person appointed will have special responsibility for the domestic organisation of the Home and will take charge in the absence of the Warden. The salary is from £220 a year with full residential emoluments. Apply to: The Honorary Secretary, Beverley House, Shipton Road, York, giving details of age, training and experience, together with the names and addresses of two persons to whom reference may be made.

LONDON County Council. Woolverstone Hall, Near Ipswich, Suffolk (the grounds adjoin Orwell Estuary). Headmaster, J. S. H. Smitherman, M.A. (Cantab.). Applications invited for appointment to Council's service and assignment in first instance to this school where all boys are boarders. Master required in September for modern languages, mainly French. Interviews at school on May 30. Burnham scale salary. Residential emoluments or allowance of £104 a year in consideration of supervisory duties outside school hours. Apply at once on form EO/TS40, obtainable from Education Officer (EO/TS2), County Hall, London, S.E.1 (send stamped addressed foolscap envelope), and returnable immediately to Headmaster at Woolverstone Hall. (485.)

LONDONDERRY High School, Northern Ireland. Required in September, Assistant Mistress to take Gymnastics and Games throughout the School. Applicants should have qualifications from a College recognised by the Ministry of Education. Salary according to Ministry's scale. A bonus towards travelling expenses may be granted to a suitable candidate from Great Britain. Apply to the Head Mistress.

EXPD. secretary, able to organise and direct the office of a professional organisation. University graduate, or good educational standard. Salary £450-£550 according to experience. Apply Miss B. Stow, M.A.O.T., Occupational Therapy Dept., Royal Waterloo Hospital, Waterloo Rd., London.

TEMPORARY/part-time Sh./typs. Interesting work, by hr./day/week. WHI. 5392.

EXPERIENCED Secretaries and Shorthand Typists wanted for permanent posts in London; also for occasional work on our Emergency Staff (£6 10s., 10-5, no Sats.). Dutton's Secretarial Service, 92 Great Russell St., W.C.1. Ring Miss Topham, MUS. 7379.

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

EDINBURGH Council of Social Service. District Family Caseworker (experienced) required, holding Social Study Certificate, able to act as Deputy to General Secretary. Apply in writing stating experience, salary expected and when free, to the Hon. Secretary, 11 St. Colme Street, Edinburgh.

INVALID Children's Aid Association. Resident Warden (man) required (experienced Youth Leader preferred) for Boys' Convalescent Home, Sussex. Ages 11 to 15. Must be capable of organising out of school activities and understand informal education methods. Married couple would be considered if wife could undertake nursing duties or, alternatively, cooking and catering. Salary by arrangement. Application Form from Secretary, I.C.A.A., 4 Palace Gate, London, W.8.

PERSONAL Assistant wanted by the Chairman and Managing Director of a large textile organisation. Aged between 22 and 35. Must have a high degree of intelligence, initiative, adaptability and a pleasant disposition. A University education and a knowledge of languages is desirable. Must be prepared to travel both at home and abroad. Box 8925.

STRODE Day Continuation School, Street, Somerset. Applications are invited for the position of Headmistress of the Strode Day Continuation School (Girls' Side—120 pupils). Full particulars may be obtained from J. A. Clark (Correspondent), C. & J. Clark, Ltd., Street, Somerset.

INTERNATIONAL organisation, Victoria area, requires Secretary-Shorthand-Typist. Interesting social work suitable for married woman. Must be able to deal with correspondence on own initiative. Commencing salary £350. Applications, stating age, qualifications, experience, to Box 9001.

LONDON solicitor with trades union practice requires litigation clerk to conduct actions on behalf of injured workmen. Good opportunity for young socialist with intelligence and initiative. Box 8957.

EXCELLENT secretarial posts for well-educated women. Temp. & perm., some with short hrs. St. Stephen's Secretariat, 38 Parliament St., Westminster. WHI. 0606.

PROGRESSIVE National Benevolent Association needs case-worker who is sound philosopher, able correspondent and own typist. State age, present and expected salary, etc. E.I.B.A., 32 Old Burlington Street, London, W.1.

SHORTHAND-typist, preferably married woman, required for confidential work. Five-day week. Apply in writing to Family Discussion Bureau, 4 Chandos Street, Cavendish Square, W.1.

NATIONAL Voluntary Society requires assistant in Membership Department (London N.W.1). Able to type own letters and work on own initiative. Part-time might be considered. Box 9055.

GENERAL clerical assistant (female) for small office, efficient typing, short week a possibility. Write Ethical Union, 4a Inverness Place, W.2.

BILINGUAL Secretary, Eng./French, for Canadian Govt. Agency. Highest qualif. reqd. Excellent sal. & conditions. Box 8941.

CORNWALL. One energetic woman or two friends to run house, country. Able drive car. Box 8984.

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. All office staff, perm. and temp. Typewriting: duplicating. TRAfalgar 9090.

## APPOINTMENTS WANTED

YOUNG married woman, Univ. grad., wide interests, wants paying evening work, London. Suggestions welcomed. Box 8906.

CIVILISED single man, no money, needs resident paid job anywhere. Versatile and honourable. Box 8992.

SOLICITOR (38), cultural interests, qualified 1938, private practice, Local Govt., 3 years i/c legal dept. large commercial firm abroad, seeks commercial, industrial, trade union post or prospects partnership, succession London. Box 8907.

YOUNG man, age 27, ex-naval officer, 3 years' thorough commercial training, now in secure job where prospects are sound but uninspiring, seeks post where hard work & initiative will bring reward. Box 8952.

WILL any demi-patron give adequate employment and/or accommodation to melancholy composer and poetic wife to ensure lengthier stay in England and peace for creative work. Country or city. Correspondence, research, shepherding, anything within reason attempted. Box 9043.

YNG. German typist (f) shs. immed. wk. Lond. Germ./Ital./some Eng. Box 8781.

WIDELY-travelled journalist, advertising exp., ideas, adaptable, seeks post; journal, organisation, business. Box 9035.

"PURGED" American Liberal, residing England, experienced "informationist," especially Americana, seeks post journalism, publicity, publishing. Box 8877.

EXPD. Secretary Sh./Typist free occasional periods. ARC. 1765, Ex. 1.

SEC., Engl./French, German shorthand; translations. Willing worker. Box 8950.

## SCHOLARSHIP

UNIVERSITY of London. Applications are invited for the Stopford Brooke English Literature Scholarship, which is of the value of approximately £140* for one year. Candidates must be graduates of a University and must be prepared to undertake research in any branch of English Literature, including Mediaeval, in one of the Colleges or Schools of the University of London. Applications, on a prescribed form, must reach the Academic Registrar, University of London, Senate House, London, W.C.1 (from whom further particulars may be obtained), not later than June 1, 1953. * In certain circumstances the Ministry of Education may supplement the emoluments of this Scholarship at their normal rates.

## BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

CONTENTS of May "Plebs." "Hard Facts about Foreign Affairs," by Denis Healey, M.P.; "Ebenezer Elliott: The Corn-Law Rhymer," by J. F. Horrabin; "Did the Tories Save Britain?" by Rt. Hon. Arthur Woodburn, M.P.; "Tom Johnston Looks Back," by J. L. Williams; "Problem Families," by Hugh J. Klare, B.Sc.; "This Wicked World," by J. P. M. Millar; "Why Work?" by Mary Hewitt. "Plebs" costs 6d., by post 7½d., or 7s. per year. From the N.C.L.C., Tillicoultry, Scotland.

"THE Cambridge Journal"—a monthly review of Literature, Economics, History, Philosophy, Politics, etc., edited by Michael Oakeshott, Denis Brogan, C. W. Guillebaud, Michael Postan, Basil Willey and T. F. D. Williams. May issue now ready. Of all booksellers, 3s. net (30s. p.a.).

"VEDANTA for East & West" (bi-monthly). Editorial advisers: Dr. Sir S. Radhakrishnan, Mr. Kenneth Walker, F.R.C.S., & Sir John Stewart-Wallace. Ed.: Swami Ghanananda. Ann. sub. 15s. Write Rk. Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Avenue, N.10.

SPRING issue "Poetry & Poverty" now on sale. Contrib. incl. James Kirkup, Michael Hamburger, George Woodcock, Howard Sergeant, Dannie Abse. 2s.: 8 Eton Av., N.W.3.

"FRANKFURTER Hefte"—monthly political review. Specimen copy 1s. from Emgee, 33 Dartmouth Park Ave., N.W.5.

THOSE seeking to live by the standards of justice, brotherhood and peace should send for a copy of the new Quarterly, "The Plough" (2s. 9d.) published by the Bruderhof Communities. Plough Publishing House, Bromdon, Bridgnorth, Shropshire.

NIMRODS, The Book Hunters, solely engaged in tracing out-of-print and scarce books. Send your "wants" list to Nimrods, 3 Litchfield St., Charing Cross Rd., W.C.2.

AMERICAN Magazines by yearly postal subscription. National Geog. Magazine, 47s. 6d.; Life (Int.), 57s. 6d.; Popular Mechanics, 32s.; Popular Photography, 36s.; Complete Price List free. Thomas & Co. (N.S.N.), 111 Buchanan St., Blackpool.

WE want books by Bernstein, Borkenau, Bukharin, Kautsky, Pokrovsky, Rosenberg, Trotsky, etc., and all good books always. The Hammersmith Bookshop, W.6. Riv. 6807.

BOOKS, second-hand, posted. Write for lists. Silverdale, 47 Bank Street, Glasgow.

THE Rodney Book Service offers you a Book Scheme which enables you to read the works of your favourite authors as soon as published, at 10% of the usual cost. No Waiting. No Enrolment Fee. For details: The Rodney Book Service (Dept. N), Rodney House, Monmouth St., London, W.C.2.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

## MISCELLANEOUS

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries Secretary, CUN. 8837.

CONTEMPORARY Pottery by Bernard Leach, Michael Cardew, Harry Davis, Raymond Finch, Nancy Homer, and many others can be purchased when in Cornwall. Godfrey May, Padstow.

ENVELOPES, 1,000 6 x 3½ 13s. Dupl. paper, 1 rm. qto., 10s. 6d. Other bargains; send for price list. L. Warson, 7 Newton Av., N.10.

CHILDREN'S plain wooden building bricks (not nursery cubes) £1 per 100. Walt Tiler, 62 Old Farm, Sidcup.

HARTMAN'S of Mayfair. Room seating about 60 for Parties, Lectures, etc. Mod. prices. 65 South Audley St., W.1. GRO. 1586.

BAN Gin Traps which torture. I can send you particulars of eleven other humane ways of killing rabbits. Refuse to buy rabbits with legs mangled by traps or swollen heads from snares. Also write for Fur Crusade leaflets telling how to kill domestic animals and poultry; and White List of furs humanely obtained. Major Van der Byl, 49 Tregunter Road, London, S.W.10.

THE London Contact Lens Centre, 66 New Cavendish St., W.1. Partics. MUS. 8021.

DUREX gloves and all rubber surgical appliances sent on by registered post. Send for our free price list now. H. Fiertag, 34 Wardour Street, London, W.1.

STRIPED Ticking. Waxed and Featherproof, 36 in. wide, superb quality, only 7s. 6d. yd. Post 1s. Satisfaction or money back. H. Conway, Ltd. (Dept. 81), 1 Stoke Newington Road, London, N.16.

**SUMMER SCHOOLS—contd. from page 564**

CANFORD Summer School of Music, Director Noel Hale, August 9-23, offers an ideal holiday with music. The Courses cover Choral Singing, Madrigals, Full and String Orchestra, Chamber Music, Pianoforte, School Music (Vocal and Instrumental), Recorders, Organ & Choirmaster, Dalcroze Eurhythmics. Prospectus and particulars: Patricia Vernon, Org. Sec., Westover Chambers, Hinton Road, Bournemouth.

BRAUNWALD Music Seminar in Swiss mountains for those with knowledge of German. Well-known musicians discuss interpretation with audience. Party of students and music enthusiasts leaving London July 12 for 17-day holiday. Inclusive cost 33gns. Details from Specialised Travel Service, Ltd. (B.S.1), 66 Paddington Street, London, W.1. WELbeck 9935.

HOLIDAY Course for Continental Students. The 7th Course will be held this summer from July 25-September 19. Young people of all nationalities over 15 welcome. English lectures. Graduate staff. All sports. Large estate, private beach, and plentiful food. Prospectus from the Secretary, Sizewell Hall, Suffolk.

HOUSE Party Holidays: at our seaside house parties in Sussex, Cornwall or near Windsor, you will meet interesting people and enjoy a good out-door holiday with bathing, tennis, dancing and foreign language practice, July 25-August 31. Erna Low, 47 Old Brompton Rd., S.W.7. KEN. 0911/9225.

**PERSONAL**

EXCH. studio-flat, dble. divan, Geneva, June 13-27, for sim., seaside; (prf. Wales/North). Ashcroft, G.P.O., Huddersfield.

PART-furn. flat, h. & c., elec. ckr., offd. in return some domestic help: suit childless couple, friends. Dr. Davidson, Battle.

UNIV. stud. sks. job July, Aug. Knowl. of animals. Anything consid. Box 8974.

HOLIDAY post wanted, August, capable, educated woman, where some social activity, swimming. Poss. perm. Box 8833.

TWO mothers, 3 children, desperately need seaside holiday fortnight August. Slender means, any offers? Box 8578.

TWO furnished rooms in secluded Bucks. farmhouse, service & meals available, approx. 5 weeks comm. July 1. Sculpture materials, easels, piano, gd. swimming. 2 or 3 persons. Very reasonable. Box 8839.

HOLIDAYS for 1 or 2 children 9-14 yrs. Doctor's family in rural Kent. Pigs, goats, chickens. June-Sept. Box 8979.

1/2 seats in priv. car, touring holiday in Spain, leaving England July 2, return July 24 (approx.). Share expenses. Box 9004.

BED-sit. room in exchange for preparation of evening meal for one professional woman. Lovely mid-Surrey village. Box 8953.

INVENTOR sks. Partnership with Manufacturer of capacity, or Financier, for production small vehicle Patented Machine in universal demand for home/export. Box 8700.

COMPANION (m.) sought for week's m/c. tour Cornwall/Devon and week Scillies. Early Sept. Advertiser (m.) 35 int. music, photography, books. No politics. Expenses shared. BM/JCHA, London, W.C.1.

JEWISH girl, 22, seeks similar for hitch-hiking in France first 2 weeks in August. MOU. 9017.

EXCELLENT cooking, needlework, ironing offered in return for accommodation, full board and small salary. Write: Appel, 68 Bridge Lane, London, N.W.11.

OPEN-air work wanted by graduate, anywhere, July-September. Box 8900.

RIVIERA, Switzerland. July 28-Aug. 17. Driver age 30-40 invited as fourth. 1 Barnfield Avenue, Kingston 7545.

EARLY Risers—one or two co-drivers wanted for A40, flying Ostend July 25. Bayreuth, Salzburg, Glockner, Dolomites, Verona, Lugano, Le Touquet, Lympne August 16. Box 8831.

BACHELOR wishes join another for holiday, pref. abroad. Aug. 1-22. Box 8881.

BRITTANY. Can anyone recommend September holiday address for couple with small baby? Box 8891.

WOMAN, 45, seeks companion (f.) Continental holiday August. Would share car expenses. Box 8712.

CHILDREN over 5 yrs. sht./long stays. Tuchner, 7, Aldwick Av., Manchester 20.

GERMAN Architect's 17-year-old son wishes to arrange mutual holiday—3 weeks England, 3 weeks Germany—with English boy similar age. Write R. Gutmann, 49 The Avenue, N.W.6.

LADY (50) would act as holiday companion to another weekly or longer, willing travel or escort sightseeing London. Box 8927.

EXPD. French teacher gives grammar/conversation lessons. London area. Box 8928.

GRADUATE couple offer free board & lodging in return for help in house—May, June, July. Victoria 30 mins. Box 8591.

PROFESSOR'S Secretary studying pianoforte wishes supplement income with secretarial work; typing manuscripts, bookkeeping, etc., at home or S.W. area. Sec., 21 Denmark Avenue, S.W.19. WIM. 0168.

**PERSONAL—continued**

INTERNATIONAL Socialist Youth Camp, Yugoslavia, July 26-August 8. International Holiday Centres: Paris and Biarritz. Cheap holidays throughout the summer. International Union of Socialist Youth, 8 Gayfere St., S.W.1. Abbey 6894.

DONALD Chapman, M.P., is opening as a small hotel the charming old Norton House, right on the Village Green in the unspoiled seaside village of Rottingdean (10 minutes along the cliffs from Brighton station). Old & new friends welc., Whitsun onwards and all the year round. Broch. on request.

SWISS Four Centre tour: Engelberg, Meiringen, Grindelwald, Murren—16 days £38. Engadine and Dolomites—16 days £41. Up the Rhine to Switzerland and Austria—17 days £46. Rome, Perugia, Florence, Verona, Venice—16 days £42. Florence, Pisa, Elba—16 days £42. Portugal—20 days £47. South Sweden—17 days £36. Luxembourg—10 days £18. Camping in Corsica—17 days £43. Mountaineering in Austria—16 days from £32. Austrian Walking Tours—16 days £29. Chamonix Two-centre Tour—16 days £36. Andorra—16 days £42. Tours in Morocco and Tunisia. Many more like these can be found in our programme of unconventional holidays. Ramblers' Association Services, 48a Park Road, N.W.1. AMB. 2495.

WHITSUN arrangements. Join our Whitsun party to Tossa (Costa Brava) and Barcelona or one of our English parties in Sussex, near sea and Downs, or at a Thames-side Hotel near Wallingford. Erna Low, 47 Old Brompton Rd., S.W.7. KEN. 0911/9225.

"NE soyez pas un buveur sans education!" Why not spend your extra travel allowance on a leisurely Wine-tasting Tour of Champagne, Chablis, Burgundy, Pouilly and Touraine? Aug. 31-Sept. 6. Paris to Paris for £25 absolutely incl. Inqs. to Denys Bell, Ltd., Clare Court, Bishop's Stortford, Herts.

ENJOY Whitsun at Braziers Park, Ipsden, Oxon. Festival of music, mime, dance; May 22-28. Join in the experiment of producing a ballet. It doesn't matter whether you've danced before or not; come and discover your talents. Checkendon 221.

ANY rover interested joining another one month's car trip Austria (August), sharing expenses (outward via Kandersteg). Please write Box 8922.

PARIS £16 10s.; Spain £29; Yugoslavia £27 10s. to £37 10s for 2 weeks inclusive. For full programme send S.A.E. to Holiday Friendship Service, 5 Goodwins Court, London, W.C.2.

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**PERSONAL—continued**

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**PERSONAL—continued**

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P.S. It is still possible to book for the Swiss party to Bretaye, 14 days 23gns. —21 days 28½gns. Depart August 17.

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## ENTERTAINMENTS

THEATRE Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR. 1075. Evenings 7.30, Sats. 6 and 8.30. Theatre Workshop, "Lysistrata" adapted by Ewan McColl.

TOWER Theatre, Canonbury Place, N.1 (near Islington Town Hall), tonight May 8, 7.30, tomorrow May 9, 3 & 7.30. "Richard II." Friday & Saturday, May 15, 16, 22 & 23, Ibsen's "Ghosts." Seats 2s., 3s. 6d., 5s. Bookable CAN. 5111 after 7.

ARTS, Tem. 3334. 7 (ex. Mon.) St., Sun. 5 & 8. "The Seagull." Mems. 5s. yearly.

UNITY (EUS. 5391). Last 2 weeks revue "Turn It Up!" Weds.-Suns. 7.30 Mems.

IRVING. Whi. 8657. Evgs. (ex. Mon.), 7.30, Sun. 6.30. International Players present "Black Napoleon," a new play by Peter Munk (May 12 to 24). Mems. 5s. yr.

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CHIN Yü, Robert Rietti and Elsa Palmer in "This Under Heaven," reading of a new play by Mona Brand, presented by Alex McCrindle. Also exhibition of new Chinese handicrafts, prints, rubbings, etc. Sunday, May 10, Royal Hotel, Woburn Place, W.C.1. Exhibition 6.30-7.30. Play-reading at 7.30. Adm. free. Brit.-China Friendship Assn.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until May 10: Orson Welles' production of "Macbeth" (U). From May 11: Hildegard Knef in "Film Ohne Titel" (A).

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3331. Sun., May 10, 7.30. "Une Histoire d'Amour" (A). (F).

SOVIET Colour Films. Scala Theatre, W.1, Tues., May 19, 7.30. "Pattern for Life." "Uzbek Dances." Tkts. 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s., 3s. 6d., 4s., 7s. 6d. Conway Hall, W.C.1. Sat., May 30, 7.30. "Glorious Lake Baikal," "New Stadium," "Soviet Tajikistan," "Kuban Country Fair." Tkts. 1s. 6d., 2s. For both shows cash and s.a.e. with order to Educ. Ctee., British Soviet Friendship Society, 36 Spencer St., E.C.1.

FILM Show. Magnificent Chinese Film, Sons & Daughters, Hampstead Tn. Hall, Wed., May 13, 7.30. 1s. 6d. Hamp. B.C.F.A.

THE Sailing Barge "Glencoe" (Glencoe Arts Club), Union Wharf, Lassell St., Greenwich. Dancing every Wed., Thurs., Fri., Sat. Life Class Sat. afternoon, 2.30-4. Maze Hill Station from Charing Cross, Waterloo, or London Bridge. Buses 177, 163 and 180. Tel. HIL. 2592.

DANCE org. by Central London Fabian Society, May 9, 7.30-11, at Artworkers' Guildhall, 6 Queen Sq., W.C.1. 4s.

## CONCERTS

11TH May, 1953, 8 p.m. Royal Albert Hall, to Honour the Memory of Dr. Chaim Weizmann. Cantelli conducting The Philharmonia Orchestra. Tickets from 3s. (Gallery), 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 12s. 6d., 15s., 1gn. still available from: Friends of The Israel Philharmonic Orchestra, 37 Middleway, N.W.11. Tel. SPEedwell 3213. Royal Albert Hall and usual agents.

ROYAL Festival Hall Recital Room, Thurs., May 14, at 8.15 p.m. Barbara Hill, Pianoforte Recital. Wks. by Bach, Haydn, Fauré, Debussy & Schumann. Tkts. 7s. 6d., 5s. res. & 2s. 6d. unres. WAT. 3191.

ROYAL Festival Hall, Mon., June 1, at 8 p.m. Coronation Eve Concert, incl. 1st perf. of "A Garland for the Queen" (songs for mixed voices) and works by Purcell, Vaughan Williams and Handel. The Golden Age Singers; Cambridge University Madrigal Society. Section of Philharmonia Orchestra. Conductors: Boris Ord, Anthony Lewis, R. Vaughan Williams. 2s. 6d.-10s. 6d. WAT. 3191 and agents.

ROYAL Festival Hall, Friday, May 22, at 8 Harold Holt, Ltd., announces Yehudi Menuhin with Boyd Neel Orchestra. Conductor: Boyd Neel. Concerto in C maj., Vivaldi; Concerto in D maj., Mozart; Sonata (for Violin alone), Bartok; Concerto in A min., Viotti-Kreisler. Tickets at Hall (Wat. 3191) and agents.

ROYAL Festival Hall, Sun., May 31, at 3 p.m. Apollo Society—Recital of Poetry and Music with Peggy Ashcroft, John Gielgud, George Rylands, George Malcolm and Mewton-Wood. 2s. 6d.-10s. WAT. 3191 & agts.

GUILDHALL Ensemble. Conductor: Alan Barlow. Soloist: Terence Beckles. Chelsea Town Hall, Mon., May 11, at 8 p.m. Overture to "Comus" (Arne); Symphony for String Orchestra (First Perf.) (Edwin Carr); Piano Concerto in E flat (K.271) (Mozart); Madrigali (Monteverdi, arr. Malipiero); Pastorale d'été (Honegger); Classical Symphony (Prokofieff). Tickets: 5s., 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d., at Hall, Agents & Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore St., W.1.

CONCERT. Sat., May 9, 8 p.m. Parliament Hill Girls' School, Highgate Rd., N.W.5. Philip Lentas (baritone), Ethel Lyon (soprano). Choir, folk dancers, etc.

## EXHIBITIONS

THE Royal Pavilion, Brighton. State Apartments with Regency furniture. Open daily 10-6, including Sundays.

DONALD Mills Pottery; opening May 12, Galerie Apollinaire, 3 Litchfield St., W.C.2.

## EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. post free.

EARLY English Landscapes from Colonel Grant's Collection. Arts Council Exhibition, New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington St., W.1. Closes May 9. Fri., Sat. 10-6. Adm. 1s.

BALLET Designs from the Collection of John Carr-Dougity. Arts Council Exhibition, New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington St., W.1. Closes May 9. Fri., Sat. 10-6. Adm. 1s.

DRAWINGS from The Witt Collection. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Open till May 30, Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6. Tues. & Thurs., 10-8. Adm. free.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman Street, W.1. Paintings by Margaret Marks. Until May 27.

WOOD Carvings & Bronzes by Marin Studin, Yugo-Slav Sculptor. May 12-June 5. Open week-days 10-5, Thurs., 10-8, Sat., 10-1. Kensington Art Gallery, 15 St. Mary Abbots Terrace, W.14.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George Street, W.1. The Sculpture of Giacomo Manzu. Until June 5.

ARCHER Gallery, 303 Westbourne Grove, W.11. The Tarot, seven cartoons by Rakoczi. Tues.-Sat., 10-5. Sun. 2-5.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Recent Paintings by John Christoforou and Gouaches by Norman Town.

LIBERTY of Regent Street invite you to the first Exhibition in England of Paolo Venini's decorative glass and his celebrated Venetian masque figures, 4th floor, Gt. Marlborough Street building. May 1-16.

STUDIO Emiel, Paintings and sculpture by Emiel Hartman. April 30-May 21. 10-5 p.m. 151a Gloucester Rd., (nr. Tube).

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: XXth Century Form: Painting, Sculpture and Architecture. 11-6, Sun. 2-6. Closed Mons.

ROLAND, Browse and Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, Old Bond Street, W.1. Rodin: Sculptures and Drawings.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Sq., W.1. Exhibition: Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Dly. (Sun exc.) 10.5. Free.

SLATTER Gallery. Important Dutch Masters. 10-5.30, Sat. 10-1. 30 Old Bond St.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Picasso 1900-1935. Daily 10-5.30. Saturdays 10-1.

HOUSE & Garden Decoration Centre exhibition—redesigned for summer living with House & Garden Colours. 16 Grafton Street, W.1. Admission free. Mon.-Fri. 10-5, Sat. 10-12.30.

"THE Christian Theme in Contemporary Arts." 45 Park Lane, W.1. May 12-June 18 (Closed June 1, 2 & 3). Weekdays 10 a.m.-10 p.m. Suns. 2 p.m.-10 p.m.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Portraits by Contemporary British Artists. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-12.30. Closes May 16.

IRVING Gall., Irving St., Leics. Sq. Spring Exhibn. Water Colours. Ends June 6.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Twelve new paintings by Ceri Richards: Coronation Lithographs: Extension of exhibition by Quizet. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

CHERISHED Possessions: exhibited by people of Finsbury. Arranged by the Finsbury Art Group (Chairman Eric Newton). Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Ave., E.C.1 (nr. Sadler's Wells). Tues., May 12, to Sat., May 23. Open daily except Sunday, 12-2.30, 4.30-8. Admission free.

## LECTURES AND MEETINGS

ALL Nations Social Club Parliamentary Debate; motion: "That this House has no confidence in the Colonial policy of a Conservative Government." Opener: Fenner Brockway, M.P. (Lab.). Opposer: G. Beresford Craddock, M.P. (Cons.), Friday, May 15, 8 p.m. at Weigh House Church Hall, Binney St. (off Oxford St., opposite Selfridges). Non-members 1s. 6d. at door. (Non-members may listen, vote in division, & those who wish, participate in debate.)

THE Progressive Business Men's Forum. A discussion on "A Practical Basis for Anglo-Soviet Agreement?" Mr. Raymond Gower, M.P. (Conservative), Mr. Julius Silverman, M.P. (Labour), Mr. John Platts-Mills. Thurs., May 14, 7.45, at The Cora Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1. Visitors 3s. 6d. Hon. Sec. WEL. 0136.

COLOUR Documentary "Soviet Tadzhikistan," and lecture: George Elvin on "Films & Film-makers in the U.S.S.R." Thurs., May 14, 7.30. Adm. 2s. 6d. (S.C.R. & stud. 2s.). S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8.

THE Buddhist Society, 16 Gordon Square, W.C.1. Public Lecture, 6.30 p.m. Wed., May 13. "The Three Signs of Being": Samanera Dhammananda.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday mornings at 11 o'clock. May 10, S. K. Ratcliffe, "The Idea of Progress." Questions after lecture. Admission free.

## LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

KEEP Left for Peace. Special Tribune Meeting at the Princes Theatre, Shaftesbury Ave., W.C.2, Sunday, May 10, 7 p.m. Speakers: Barbara Castle, Dick Crossman, and Michael Foot. Chairman: J. P. W. Mallalieu. How can we end the cold war? What is the meaning of the changes in Russia? Must Britain always wait for Eisenhower? These are the questions which will be discussed. Tickets: 1s. and 6d. at the door.

RAYMOND Williams on "Effect of Conditions of Performance on Drama as a Literary Form." 7.30, Wed., May 13, at Arts Council, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Tickets (s.a.e.) 2s. 6d. from Hon. Sec., Shakespeare Stage Soc., 96 Charlotte St. W.1.

ADLERIAN Society of Great Britain. Dr. E. Weissmann, "Cruelty"—an Adlerian viewpoint. Friday, May 15, at 7.30 punctually. Friends' House, Euston Rd., N.W.1. Non-members 2s.

DAME Ninette de Valois on the British Ballet. Fawcett Society, open meeting, 7 p.m. on Thursday, May 14. Alliance Hall, Palmer Street, Westminster. Coffee and sandwiches from 6.30 p.m.

INTERNATIONAL Socialist Youth Camp 1953, Yugoslavia. Films & meeting: "Sutjeska" (Partisan documentary) & "Socialist Youth Camp." Speakers: D. Chesworth, L.C.C. & Yugoslav representative. 7 p.m. May 12, Holborn Hall. Free. N.A.L.S.O., 8 Gayfere St. S.W.1. ABB. 6894.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lectures, Sundays, 7 p.m. May 10: "Growth Through Self-Effort." All welcome. No collection. United Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2. Leinster Terrace bus stop, Bayswater Rd., Paddington, or Lancaster Gate Stn., nr. Devonshire Terrace, Craven Road.

H. J. BLACKHAM: "The Meaning of Welfare." At Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, W.2, Sunday, May 10, at 11 a.m.

DR. E. Graham Howe will give his 3rd Lecture on Vitality at 7.30 p.m. on Wed., May 13, at the Assembly Room, Central Hall, Westminster (Matthew Parker St. entrance). Subject, "Desire and Will: The Problem of our Motivation." Voluntary contributions.

ACTION Group London holds Mass Mtg. on Constitutional Crisis in Nigeria and Self-government for Nigeria 1956, at W.A.-S.U., 13 Chelsea Embkmt. Sat. May 9, 8.15. Spkrs. incl. Fenner Brockway, M.P. Free.

LEAGUE Against Capital Punishment, Public Meeting. Wed., May 13, St. Pancras Town Hall, 7.15. Spkrs. incl. Canon Carpenter, Victor Yates, M.P., F. A. Ridley, Jean Henderson, Robert Copping, Philip Sansom.

RACIAL Unity Club, Brixton, holds its first Social Evening, Friday, May 8, 8-11. St. John's Church Hall, Angell Road, Bring your friends.

SOLLY Sachs (S. African Trade Union leader) on "The Menace of S. African fascism." N.W. Lond. Fabian Mtg. at King Alfred School, North End Rd., N.W.11 (210 Bus from G. Grn. Stn.), Tu., May 12, 8 p.m.

PHILOSOPHICAL Society of England. Lecture by Mr. Hector Hawton on "Crisis in Philosophy," on Wednesday, May 13, at 7 p.m. at the Caxton Hall, London, S.W.1. Admission free.

BELGIAN Institute, 6 Belgrave Sq., S.W.1. Thurs., May 14, 6.30 p.m. Lecture in French by Prof. Maurice Delbouille, Univ. of Liège. Subject: "La Wallonie: Origines, Caractères, son Destin." Adm. free.

MORAL Education. Those interested in the moral aspect of education on humanist assumptions are invited to join a study group of the Ethical Union working with a view to publication of a book. Next mtg., Mon. May 18, 7 p.m. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. W.C.1.

JACK Smith (Hon. Sec. Society of Film Teachers) on "Films and Children." Fri., May 15, 8.15. All welcome. No collection. London Branch, Indian Institute of Culture, 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2.

PERSONALIST Group. Baroness Von Der Heydt on "Loneliness," Conway Hall, Wed., May 13, at 7.30 p.m.

SOVIET School Textbooks on display. Mon., May 11, 6.30. Lecture 7.30, Brian Pearce on Teaching of British History in Soviet Schools. Adm. 1s. 6d. (S.C.R. & students 1s.). S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. May 16 at 6 p.m. Mr. D. St. John Gordon: "Spotlight on Films."

"BRITISH Democracy Through African & Asian Eyes." Meeting of New Generation Group of Hampstead Ethical Society at 1 Hampstead Hill Gardens, nr. Belsize Park Stn., Mon., May 11, at 8.

BRAINS Trust—Rumania. Mrs. Marie Pritt, Jack Lindsay, Dr. S. Leff, Jack Greene, Lawrie Moore (Youth Festival Cttee.). Chair.: Gabriel. (All visitors to Rumania). Sun., May 17, 20 Pont St., 7.30 p.m. British Rumanian Friendship Assn., 40 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. May 14, 8.15 p.m. Lecture: "Geology and Art," by Jacquetta Hawkes. Members 2s., Non-members 3s.

SYMPOSIUM on National Polity: British Renaissance. Duke of Bedford, Anthony Ludovici; Thurs., May 14, Swedenborg Hall, Bloomsbury, W.C.1. 7 p.m.

## LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

CENTRAL London Fabian Society, Wed., May 13, at 7.30 p.m., St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. "The Borough Councils: Labour's Task." Speaker: T. W. Vernon (Leader of Labour Party on St. Marylebone Borough Council). Adm. 2s.

"FAITHS of Commonwealth" Service, Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, E.C.4, Thursday, May 14, at 7.30. Participating religious leaders, Dean of St. Paul's, Rabbi Leslie Edgar, Dr. Abdullah, Professor Prasad Shastri, Rev. Arthur Peacock, organised World Congress of Faiths.

JUNIOR Discussion Group, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. 7.15 p.m., Friday, May 8. Mr. Keeler, "Nature Cures."

CALLING all Esperantists to 2 important meetings, May 21 (London), 23 (Nottingham). French visitor on: "Peace Action Through Esperanto." Information from Miss F. Partaige, 10, Woronzow Rd., Lond., N.W.8.

## LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

PENDLEY Centre of Education, Tring, Herts. Week-end courses: May 16-17, "The Gramophone": Recording Techniques, Musical Appreciation. May 22-25, "Photography": Landscape Photography, Studio Portraiture. June 5-7, "Literature": Modern English Prose Dramatists; course conducted by Mr. Roy Walker. June 20-21, "The Countryside in Summer." Partics.: Sec. Tring 2302.

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FABIAN Summer Schools, 1953—August 15/22, Birchfield House, Hope, Derbyshire; August 22/29, Wilton Park, Wiston House, Steyning, Sussex; August 29/September 5, Beatrice Webb House, Dorking. Apply: Schools Secretary, Fabian Society, 11, Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

THE French Universities are organising holiday courses in Paris, Boulogne-sur-Mer, Caen, Cannes, Dijon, Grenoble, Montpellier, Nice, Pau, La Rochelle, Saint-Malo, Strasbourg, Tours. For particulars apply to the Cultural Attaché to the French Embassy, 22 Wilton Crescent, London, S.W.1.

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